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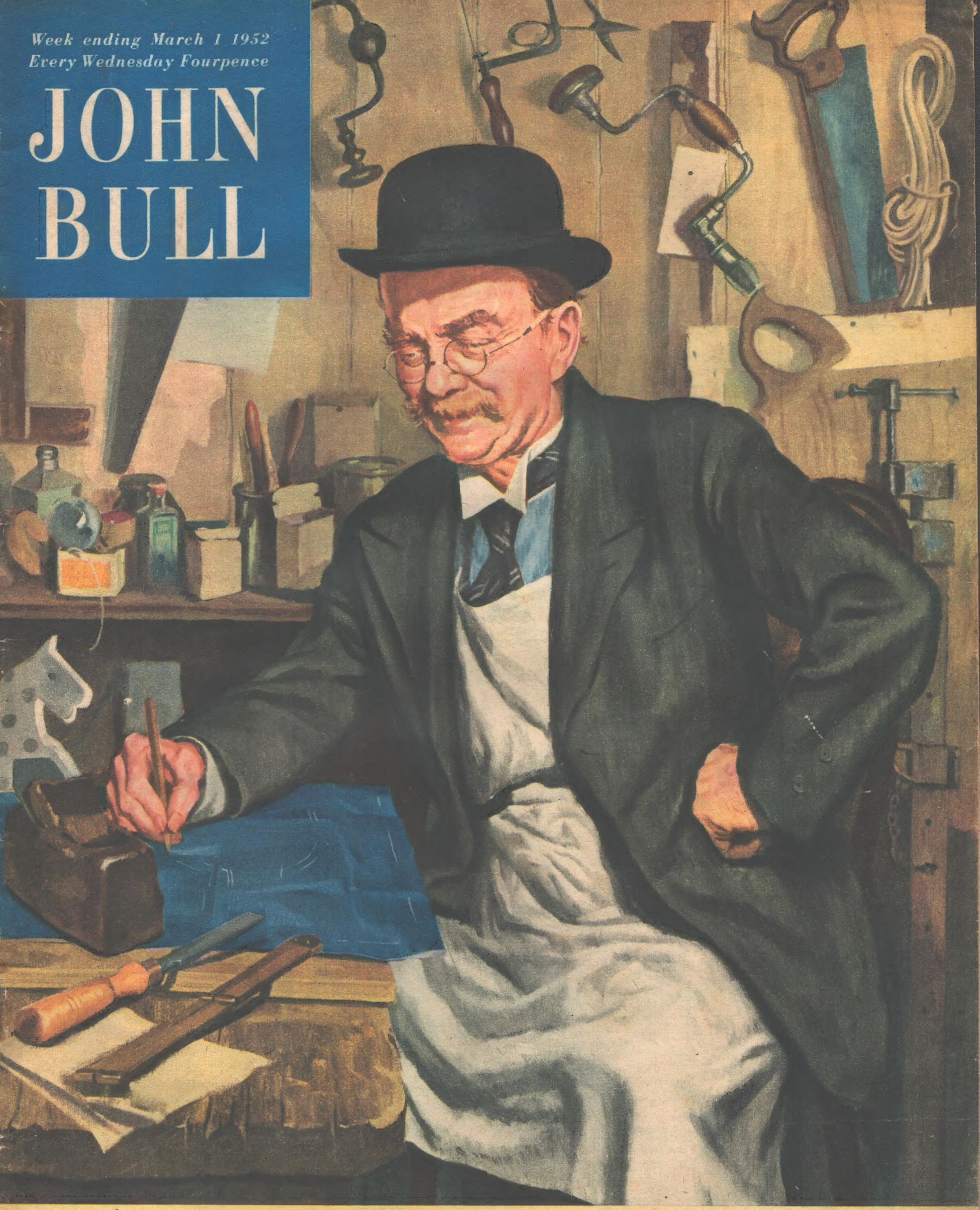

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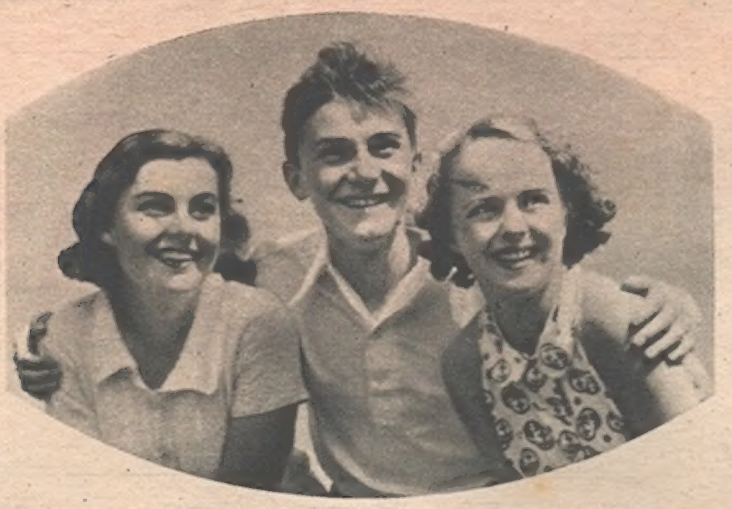

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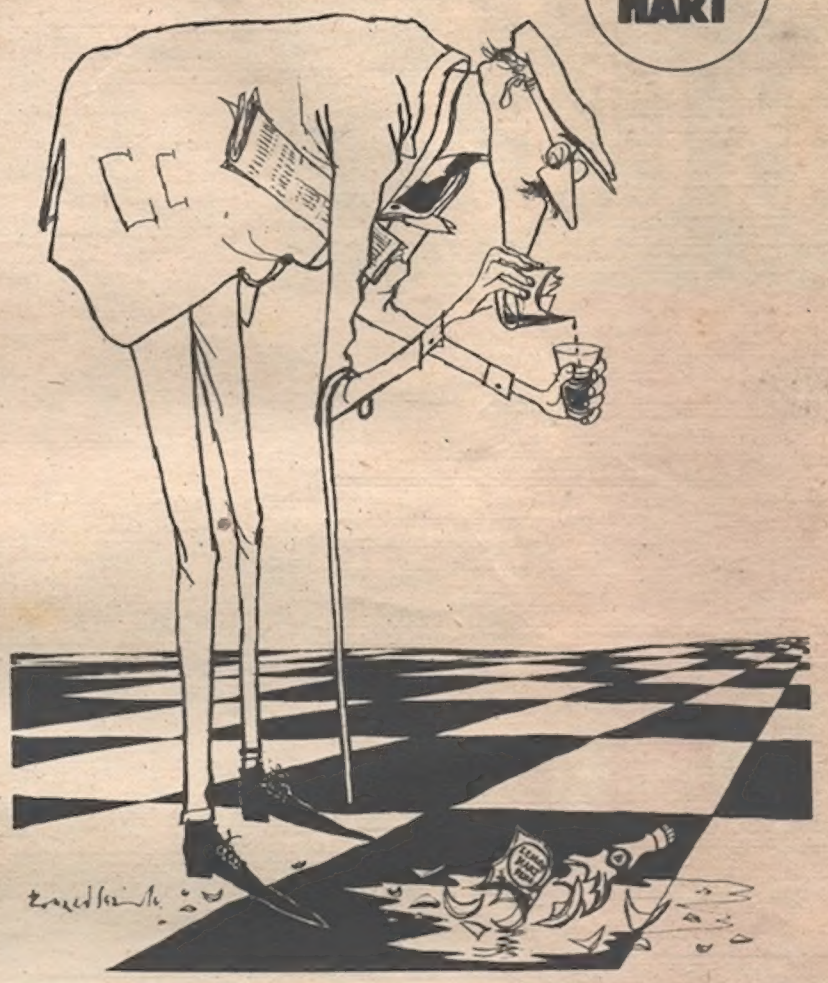

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Butler's third bite

"THERE IS MUCH that I cannot do here and now outside a Budget," remarked Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announcing that he would open his Budget early—on Tuesday of next week—to "round off" the Government economy measures. He gave us forecasts and early instalments of these measures in November and January.

Now Butler's third bite—the Budget—is nearly on us.

So far, apart from the capital investment cuts, he has inflicted three kinds of unpleasantness directly affecting ordinary people.

First, the cuts in imports, which nearly everyone agrees are necessary (although there are arguments about details).

Secondly, the cuts in supplies of home-made goods to the shops, to allow more to be sent abroad as exports. Most people reluctantly agree with these, too.

BOTH measures obviously affect the overseas balance of payments which all the fuss is about. Everyone can see that Britain must pay her way in the world, and that we must do without something to achieve this.

But there is far less agreement over the third type of cuts so far decided on: the cuts in Government spending on the Health Service and education, and on the Civil Service.

It is these cuts which have caused political strife, and which even puzzle some of the present Government's own supporters.

For there is no obvious connection between the dollar gap and making a patient pay £1 for dental treatment.

THERE is a flat contradiction between the Conservative and Labour Parties over the desirability or otherwise of saving in this way.

If political leaders, who are presumably advised by the best economists, disagree so utterly, ordinary people cannot be blamed for feeling bewildered.

All they can understand are the harsh facts that every week they must pay more money for fewer goods, that food and other desirable things are becoming scarcer and dearer, and that the greedy hand of the tax-collector dives no less deeply into their pocket whichever party rules at Westminster.

They look forward to Mr. Butler's early Budget with more dread than hope.

"Rounding off," it seems, must mean more unpleasantness. This might take either or both of two forms—higher taxes and lower benefits.

AMONG present benefits are the food subsidies. If they are abolished or reduced, even with safeguards for children and pensioners, it is going to hurt many millions of already hard-up people.

Higher taxes? Only the Chancellor knows exactly what is in store. But we all know that he will be torn between the demand for relief from the burden of direct taxation and his desire not to leave us with "too much money chasing too few goods."

The picture is in any case a depressing one. Is there a shaft of light to relieve our financial gloom?

Not yet—and not from the Chancellor. But we are entitled to one hope: that a world peace settlement will lift our worst burdens.

NECESSARY rearmament has plunged us into our mess. Instead of costing £4,700,000,000 over three years, it is to cost upwards of £5,000,000,000 and last longer.

All the financial and economic manoeuvres and sacrifices in the dictionary will not save us from hardship while the possibility of war takes this fearful toll.

Mr. Butler can be no more than a harsh housekeeper. The man who could be our saviour is his colleague, Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary.

What really matters is not Butler's Third Bite—but Eden's First Kiss.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

LOCAL pictorial types have always had a fascination for cover artist Harry Rutherford, who does his painting in his native town of Hyde, in Cheshire. Several of his paintings of Hyde characters have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, and dapper Henry Herbert has often played a part in them. Herbert, "a chirpy Dickensian," was in his element in this picture. Before he retired, he was a carpenter.

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FREE SPEECH

Serenade with a whistle in Moscow

FEELINGS OF NOSTALGIA, regret and pleasure surged through me as I read "My Russian Wife's Heart-breaking Letters" (JOHN BULL, February 9-23). I was with the 30th Military Mission in Moscow from June to October, 1945, having previously spent the winter near Murmansk. On my third evening in Moscow, I visited the Bolshoi Theatre to see *Carmen* and, on the steps of the theatre, I met a Russian girl.

After the performance, I took her home, leaving her in an alley which led to a block of flats. She promised that she would ring me at my billet at Dom 3, Mala Kirovskaya, by the Red Gate metro station. But the phone call never came. For three evenings, I found my way to the alley and loitered in it, whistling various tunes, knowing that Russians consider whistling as uncultured and that this was the surest way to attract attention.

On the third evening, the Russian girl I had met came to greet me, and after this there were three months of perfect companionship which, but for my return to England, would have ended in marriage. But, even as early as this, there was much doubt as to whether the Soviet Government would grant exit visas. I could write a lot more on my year in Russia, but to do so would doubtless cause pain and suffering to those people I am pleased to call my friends. For that reason I have not attempted to write to them, and for the same reason I must ask to be allowed to remain anonymous.—READER, London, W.6.

Canine Alarm Clock

AFTER MY HUSBAND AND I were married last year and moved into our own house, we could not get used to the ticking of an alarm clock in our room. We tried wrapping it up to muffle the

ticking but this only resulted in our oversleeping. Then we hit on the idea of wrapping the clock and putting it in the dog's basket. Now we are awakened promptly, with much face-licking and, if necessary, pulling off of bedclothes.—HOUSEWIFE, Northumberland.

Cluttered Spaciousness

LIVING IN A HOUSE with one large living-room, a small kitchenette, three bedrooms and a bathroom, I agree with your correspondent who said that such a house means a change in a family's way of life ("Free Speech," February 9). Visitors envy us because our large living-room looks spacious and comfortable. But I would change any day for a home with two living-rooms. We have six children and often wish we could send them into another room. As they are growing up and want to study or have some hobby, the lack of privacy becomes a nuisance and the house always seems to be cluttered up. Houses of this design are certainly not convenient for families.—MRS. A. B. SHEAD, 122 Gaer Park Drive, Newport, Mon.

Top Problem

IT is about time that a hat was designed for teen-age boys. School caps are discarded on leaving school and the various types of men's hats seem quite unsuitable. Will some designer please spend a little time on us?—SIXTEEN, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Strangers On The Bench

HOW MANY PEOPLE can recognize these words: abura, wawa, yang, danta, obeche, mansonia, iroko, chumprag? They are the names of the timbers we are now using which have replaced the old favourites, oak, ash, elm, beech, in our joiners' shops. As a woodworker myself, I have found that some of these timbers can have serious effects upon the men using them. Mansonia will give a machinist all the symptoms of tonsilitis. A splinter of Indian laurel will cause a septic finger. I myself have had some form of eczema. The troubles caused by these timbers must mean a serious loss of time. Is it wise to go on using them?—W. E. SIMONS, 2 Bell Row, Estcourt Street, Devizes, Wilts.

N.Z. Buys Security

OUR SMALL FAMILY OF THREE have been living in New Zealand for more than two years and, as I came out from England, I should like to tell people in Britain some of the everyday things of life in New Zealand. I have just come home from Christchurch public hospital after an operation. Everything there was wonderful. The equipment, treatment, surgeons and nurses were top rank and the food was marvellous. All this was free. Of course, my husband, like everyone else, pays a social security tax of 1s. 6d. in the £ out of his wages, so that anyone who earns, say £10, pays 15s. a week. But we get a tax free family allowance of 10s. a week for each child.—MRS. I. K., Christchurch, New Zealand.

Running Away From Colds

DURING THE PAST thirty-two years, I have run 60,000 miles. Last September, I tore a muscle and was forced to give up training and have not yet resumed. The result is that, for the first time in my life, I have been suffering from a severe chill. My 60,000 miles of deep breathing prove to me that there is nothing like fresh air to keep one free from colds.—VIC LEWIS, Bromham, Chippenham, Wilts.

Where The Steel Goes

WHILE MEN WERE BEING stood off by factories through shortage of steel, two steel erectors were putting up a modern barn on a farm here. "Nowadays," they said, "on town buildings and on farms, too, we often have to work with girders that are far too heavy and strong for the job. The mills raise their tonnage output by producing the heavy stuff instead of the lighter gauges." What a criminal waste of a vital product!—JOHN DEWEY, Ongar, Essex.

Bait For Burglars

THE SHOPKEEPER'S IDEA of leaving some silver handy for any burglar to take, so that he will not do any other damage ("Free Speech," February 9), is not a new one. In 1895, burglars broke into my parents' inn, The King's Head, Romford Market. Because they could not find any cash, they turned on all the spirit taps, smashed bottles of beer and pulled the beer engines from the counter. The insurance assessors told my father that, had he left the float (about £10) in the till, this would not have happened.—E. A. STORY, 8 Periton Road, London, S.E.9.

. . . The idea works. Burglars who broke into my café, through the pantry window, found the float of £4 ready for the next day, kept in an old-fashioned toffee tin. They took it, but nothing else was touched, not even the foodstuffs which were handy.—MRS. D. W., Grantham, Lincs.

Cutting Coal Bills

RECENTLY, I installed one of the modern types of grate, which burns fuel more efficiently. I am delighted with the result and save at least one-third of the coal formerly used each day. If every home had fires of this type, we could cut the nation's domestic fuel consumption by one-third. It seems a case for the Government to purchase the grates and distribute them on a non-profit, monthly-payment basis.—B. AINSWORTH, 205 High Street, Walton, Felixstowe, Suffolk.

Mays Keeps Them Clean

DOUGLAS L. MAYS'S cover picture (JOHN BULL, February 9) amused me very much, but at a second glance it did not look like the real thing. I cannot imagine small boys romping along such

Douglas Mays's Cover Kids

a puddly road with no traces of mud on them. And loud would be the laments of my own small son if he were expected to wear pink socks.—MRS. M. BAKER, 2 The Crescent, Pitstone, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

. . . Thanks, Mr. Mays, for a lovely cover. My five-year-old son spent hours looking at it. He thought it wonderful, as he is cowboy - mad, which can be seen from the enclosed snapshot of him.—MRS. CORBITT, 82 Stewartby, Bedford.

Cowboy Corbitt

Thanks, R.A.F.

MANY PARENTS of National Servicemen say that the Services are ruining their sons. The R.A.F. has given me a chance to see the world. It has taught me a worthwhile trade, which I did not have as a civilian. And it has made me appreciate my home and not take it for granted. I shall be glad to get back to civilian life, but I shall remember my happy times in the R.A.F.—AIRCRAFTMAN R. G. WOODS, R.A.F., Sak Kong, Hongkong.

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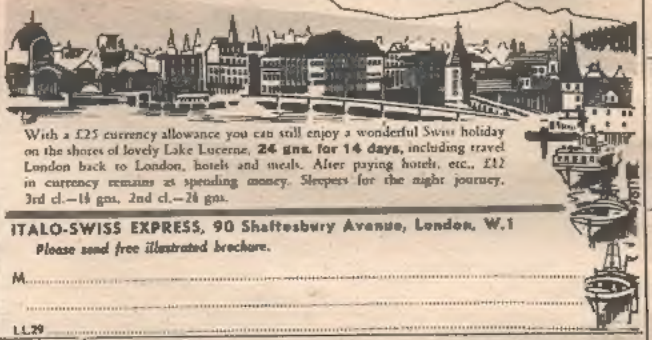

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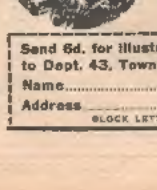

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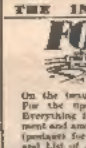

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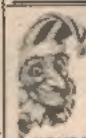

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Padre Duckworth browbeats the Japs

Neglect, starvation—the Japanese were skilled in the art of abasing and breaking men. But in Pudu Jail they had reckoned without the indomitable Padre Noel Duckworth—a little man with rosy cheeks and a voice that bellowed defiance

AFTER I HAD BEEN CAPTURED by the Japanese in early 1942—it happened ironically on my twenty-first birthday—I was taken to Pudu jail in Kuala Lumpur. Opposite the main gate of the jail—a prewar Malayan prison—was a block of cells with a small courtyard at its side. These quarters had previously been designed to hold and provide exercise for thirty female convicts. When I arrived I found that 700 Allied prisoners-of-war had been herded into this space for thirty, and there we 700 had to live, cook, sleep, excrete, wash and die.

The most outstanding personality in Pudu jail was a rosy-cheeked little man who a few years before had been small enough to cox the Cambridge Eight all over Europe, and who at the battle of Batu Pahat had been big enough, though a non-combatant and ordered not to, to stay behind with the wounded who could not be evacuated. He stayed there and when the Japanese swept down the road and would have slaughtered the wounded, this little man flayed them with such a virulent tongue that they were sufficiently disconcerted to refrain. They beat him up very cruelly for days, because they did not care for being verbally flayed, even in a language they did not understand, but they did not kill the wounded he had stayed to protect.

In the end, they allowed the little man, and the handful of R.A.M.C. orderlies who—with equal heroism—had faced certain capture, possibly murder, to look after their charges, to collect what food they could and provide for the helpless men. This little man with the rosy cheeks and the cheerful grin and the mop of hair like a small boy's, eventually brought all his orderlies and his wounded to the comparative security of the jail. His name is Padre Noel Duckworth. It is a name which tens of thousands of Englishmen, Scots and Australians, like myself, will remember till the day they die.

Chapel—And Black Market

He was without any doubt at all the mainspring of the orderly way of life we managed to carve for ourselves out of the rather improbable material of Pudu. He was fearlessly outspoken, and yet could be very kind. He was the easiest man to talk to most of us had ever met. He organized lectures, and delivered his own inimitable version of the European tour of the Cambridge Eight to initiate the series. He created out of a cell a chapel to which even such heathens as I were glad to go and sit and think about home, or God, or whatever it is people do sit and contemplate when they're lonely. He founded the jail's black market with the Japanese—selling them anything from gold fillings to fountain pens. He discovered a non-existent "well-dressed Eurasian" while on his numerous visits to the cemetery to bury our dead and, from him, obtained a daily news bulletin which made our hearts glow.

Duckworth's news was no mealy-mouthed, faint-hearted news. Having determined to give us good cheer by lying, the noble padre lied most blackly. Russian tanks swarmed through Poland towards Germany; Britain planned a huge invasion of Italy; millions of Japanese were being annihilated in Burma—all this in early 1942, at the time when the advance on Stalingrad was about to start. India seemed about to fall and Italy was still only being vaguely referred to as the "soft under-belly" of Europe!

But to men who were ill and starving and dying off at a quite alarming rate, the padre's "well-dressed Eurasian" was exactly what was required. By the time his resounding triumphs

had begun to attract scepticism, we had all become sufficiently toughened to the sordidness of our surroundings to be of good heart without the artificial boost of "Duckworth's news," as it was called. We even acquired a wireless set, and with that received regular B.B.C. bulletins which, though they contained no resounding triumphs—at least, not on our side—nevertheless gave us what we needed, which was contact with the outside world.

The padre's black market—though it might not in theory have secured the blessing of the bishops of the Anglican Church—was, nevertheless, conducted with considerable *élan*. The padre was a realist as well as a Christian—not for nothing had he worked in the slums of English cities. We needed food: the Malays would sell us food: the Japs coveted any western trinkets such as watches and fountain pens. Though there were few of these that they had not already looted from the men in Pudu jail, the padre meant to sell them those few, and use the proceeds to buy from the Malays.

"Nippon," he would shout peremptorily at the weakest-willed looking guard available. The gentleman addressed would leap uneasily. "Come here, you little sewer rat," the padre would continue in honeyed tones. "Come here, you charming little lump of garbage, and buy this perfectly worthless pen."

"*Ah so-ka!*" the Jap would murmur delightedly, as his eye caught sight of the pen in the padre's hand. "*Pen-ka?*" he would ask.

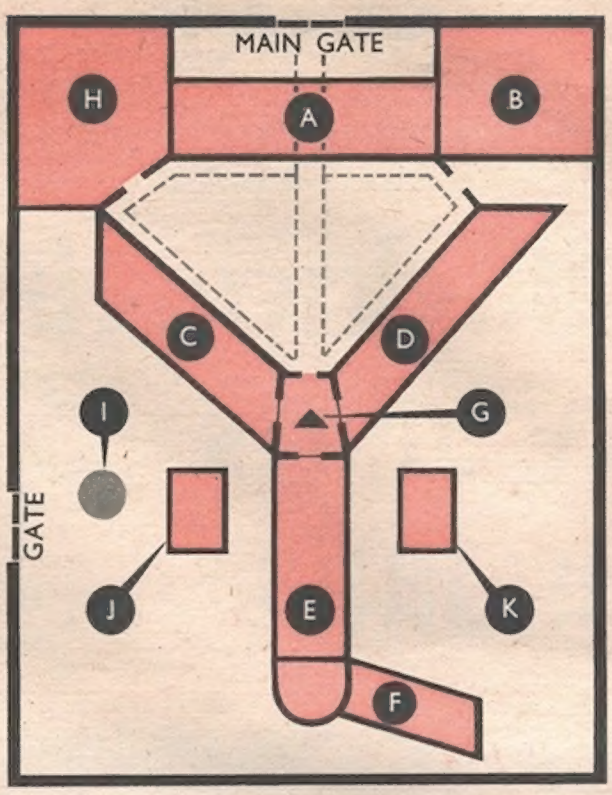
"Yes," the red-cheeked, boyish little man would agree, "it's a pen. Only a half-wit like you would ask anything so silly."

"*Parker-ka?*" the Jap would ask. The padre would look at the inscription on the side of the pen and, though it very rarely said Parker, he invariably replied, "Yes, Parker, you walking example of the horrors of V.D. They should hang you up in all public lavatories instead of those rather dull little notices. Now tell me, Tojo, how much of your ill-gotten pay are you going to give me for this very inferior pen?"

Insults With A Smile

And in the end he would bleed the Nip white, give him the pen and send him packing with a fresh blast of insults which were delivered with so sweet a smile that the guard would bow low and gratefully, convinced that he had both made a good deal and been flattered. Thus did all the pens, watches, grubbed-out gold fillings from teeth, signet rings, cigarette cases and other valuables—or alleged valuables—go the way of Nippon: and the money we gained in return for these possessions went the way of the Malays in exchange for food.

The padre did not, however, limit his anti-Japanese operation to pleasantly delivered



Plan of the Pudu jail in Kuala Lumpur, drawn from a sketch made by Russell Braddon from memory

- A — Original quarters. 700 p.o.w.s herded into space meant for thirty
- B — Exercise yard about thirty yards square
- C — Asiatic prisoners here
- D — Australians' quarters. Each block had double-tiered cells
- E — British block
- F — Allied officers' block
- G — Whipping post where p.o.w.s and Asiatics were tortured
- H — Camp cookhouse
- I — Fountain used as a bath
- J — Workshop used as a chapel by Padre Duckworth
- K — The workshop "hospital"

vituperation in the course of his business transactions. On Sundays he blasted them in his sermons, pointing an accusing and fearless finger at them as they stood self-consciously guarding us. And at nights, during the week, he frequently played the jail game of wrecking Nippon's rifles.

This consisted of getting any Nip guard into conversation—by showing him photographs or teaching him games—till he leaned his rifle against the wall and devoted the whole of his miserable mind to trying to master the white man's skill. Then, while he was absorbed, the bolt would be taken from his rifle and removed to a nearby cell, where it was ensured, by bending the firing pin, that that particular rifle would never be much use again. By the middle of the year it was estimated that, with the padre's enthusiastic support, there wasn't a rifle in the guard house that would fire. There were, however, unfortunately, plenty of machine guns and grenades. Nevertheless, one felt, it was a start.

It was now that we made acquaintance with three factors which were to colour our entire mode of living for the next four years. They were, to employ the vernacular of those days, Bastardry about Drugs (which the Japs refused to provide); the Imperial Decree that only working men got food; and Happy Feet.

Happy Feet was a symptom of lack of vitamins. This scourge struck about half the men in jail only, but made up the balance by striking them with a pain twice as severe as anything any of us had ever felt before. It inflicted them with a persistent series of searing stabs in the soles of their feet. The pain was like fire. But when they put their feet in water, the coolness immediately tore at them like ice, so that once again they moaned for warmth. As you looked at them, the flesh dropped off their bones: the light of youth from their eyes: the life from their faces. Boys of twenty became suddenly, in physique and expression, old men—shrunken and desperate. As one looked at them, one was filled with a pity for them and a hatred for the enemy that nothing can remove.

Drugs Withheld From Us

Japanese Bastardry, as we Australians called it, applied to almost everything in our lives, but most of all—because of the far-reaching effects it had—to our requests for drugs. Of these they had captured vast quantities and also had vast quantities of their own. Yet, despite the ready availability of emetin to cure dysentery, of quinine (the Dutch East Indies are the source of all quinine and the Japanese now owned all the Dutch East Indies) to quell our malaria, and of vitamin B tablets (of which they had billions, for they are easy of manufacture) to counter the deficiencies of a rice diet, the little Nip refused all requests for any of them.

And, finally, with the introduction at this time of working parties, came that other Japanese refinement—food only for those who work. Needless to say, this did not mean that those men who lay ill and dying starved, because whatever food the Japanese sent in as rations for the workers was at once distributed to all. The point was that the ration was wholly inadequate, and when that ration had to stretch over an extra twenty per cent at least of our working population, then gradual starvation became a very real prospect.

Within a few weeks of the introduction of this generous catering system, our medical officer pronounced that at the present rate of supply, with everything else in our favour—which he did not think a probable eventuality—we could survive for only a year. For some obscure reason, the verdict that in twelve months we would all be dead seemed to provide everyone with a perverse sense of hilarity, and we felt happier than we had for days.

Only one other factor remains to complete the scene in which we were to live for the next

A tribute to British pluck

THIS story is written as one man's tribute to the Britisher's capacity for living fearlessly and gently.

It is especially a tribute to two men—Padre Noel Duckworth and Major Kevin Fagan—who lived more fearlessly and more gently than all others.

My book aims to give a picture of the Japanese as more than two thousand years of their own peculiar tradition have made them; of the atrocities they committed; and of the stoicism and humour with which their British prisoners endured both them and their nastiness from 1942 to 1945.

Russell Braddon

nine months. That is the imprisonment, as well as ourselves, in our jail, of political prisoners —mainly Chinese—seized by the Japanese for alleged British sympathies or rebel activities.

The right-hand leg of the two which, with our quarters, formed a triangle of buildings, was the one into which the Japanese herded these unfortunate men. There they questioned, tortured and murdered them. The process was noisy, since the last thing any Oriental ever does is to endure physical pain or mental anguish in silence of the impassive nature ascribed to them by writers who have never been to the East.

All A Matter Of Outlook

Thus, in the course of their questioning, when they were whipped on the jail whipping triangle, or filled with water and jumped on, or made to stand for hours with a heavy stone held above their heads, or suspended by their ankles while water was poured down their nostrils—Japanese refinements which I had seen British soldiers endure in stolid silence—the air was rent with their shrill screams. And when at last an entire cell of six men was informed that at dawn *one* of the six, any one, would be taken out and executed, then the impassive Orientals really went to town. All six of them would maintain an uninterrupted lament throughout the night.

Then in the morning another head would appear on a pole in the streets, and the surviving five would relapse into ecstatic silence, for they were still alive; while the native population outside would remain totally unmoved, for the head was not theirs; and we, who had so despised their screaming, would notice the head with shocked pity because a young man who had lived was now dead. All a matter of outlook—but, of the two, I preferred ours.

One day we returned to the jail and were told some good news—we were all to move into the left wing of the two legs of the triangle. There we would live in supreme comfort, with only three men in each cell meant for one. On the move being made, it was discovered that the V of the two cell blocks which, with our old quarters, made a triangle, was, in fact, an inverted Y, and into the stem of the Y moved all the British troops. Thus in the Y we had Asiatic political prisoners screaming their heads off on one side, Australians on the other, the British in the stem.

I moved, with my friends Hugh Moore and Arthur Farmer, who joined up in the same artillery regiment as myself, into the cell nearest the junction of all three blocks, and started at once drawing a map of the world over the whole of the left-hand wall, so that we might the better follow the destruction of Nazidom and of Nippon. I coloured all Axis-held territory black, all Allied-held territory red. This started a running battle with the Japanese.

A little gentleman, who wore a white short-sleeved shirt, Bombay bloomers which reached well below his knees, brown socks of the type usually referred to as "hosiery, natty gent's," suspenders and two-tone shoes, arrived in the jail one day and announced to a truly astonished Australian audience that he was a colonel.

He Spotted My Map

He began his tour of inspection, his long Samurai sword clanking along on the concrete floors behind him, his short legs the subject of open admiration. Lest anyone should miss this exhilarating spectacle, men were summoned by their friends from all sides.

Nippon looked most gratified—then he spotted my map and moved over to it. With even more gratification, he moved his finger through black Japan, down black China, thence through Indo-China, Thailand, Burma, Malaya, the East Indies and Borneo, all of which were dark as night. There, however, gratification ended. New Guinea, India and Australia were all bright red. "You have done this?" he asked me. I nodded. "These-u all Nippon. Tomorrow changey, changey"—with

Continued on page 20

Padre Duckworth's dauntless black market. Sketch of a deal being clinched, specially drawn by the famous artist Ronald Searle, who was one of Braddon's fellow prisoners in Jap hands

With his security officers, Fish (in civilian clothes) examines his biggest worry: mail bags. They may contain circulars—or diamonds

One of Fish's men seals a valuable package, watched by the export cargo officer. Some crooks have been smart enough to forge seals

"Flying" Fish, airline detective

by DON EVERITT

There's plenty of loot in an airliner, and many light fingers eager to steal it. Stopping them is the job of Donald Fish and his world police force in miniature

AN AIRLINER DELIVERED TO Sydney, Australia, a sack supposedly containing a parcel of watches worth around £2,000. The sack, which was sealed, was put in the airport strongroom. A week later the consignee came to collect the parcel and clear it through the Customs. But when he opened it there were no watches to be cleared. Though the parcel was correctly labelled, all that it contained were bundles of army publications, which should have been unloaded at Singapore. Somewhere along a 9,000-mile journey from London the publications had been substituted.

Within half an hour a priority cable was humming from Sydney to London—to the chief of the B.O.A.C. security branch, Donald Fish. In it was evidence which seemed to pinpoint the crime conclusively. The metal seal on the steel band surrounding the parcel bore the code letter F—for London. This indicated that the army documents had been re-labelled and falsely sealed as precious cargo *before* the flight began.

Fish, taking the precaution of sending for the exhibits, immediately carried out a full-scale investigation at the airport. But, after a week's work, he had got nowhere.

By then, the seal, banding, parcel and sack had arrived back in London and he had checked them to his own satisfaction. As a last resort, he now let the forensic scientists examine them. They discovered that the code letter, which is normally embossed on the underside of the seal with a punch, was a near-perfect forgery.

This sent the investigators 5,000 miles back along the route to Karachi, where all valuable freight is bagged and sealed again as an additional precaution. Since the theft was obviously an "inside job"—all precious cargo is put in the strongroom or bond at overnight stopping places—Fish's assistant soon arrested four men. And in a few days all but five of the watches were recovered from shops in Karachi and Lahore.

"The advantages of air travel are our disadvantages," Fish says. "As any detective will tell you, time, distance and speed are highly important factors in solving crimes. In the air they are all against you."

His Beat Is The World

Fish is a tall, angular man in greying middle-age who has considerable experience of crime. For twenty-six years before 1939 he was at Scotland Yard. During the war he was seconded to M.I.5. Today, from a neat little office in Airways House, on London's Great West Road, he controls a world police force in miniature. He and his staff—"a real flying squad"—cover beats several thousand miles long, criss-crossing the world from Montreal to Hongkong. Along them he is responsible for the safety of B.O.A.C.'s installations and aircraft, the freight and mail, and the passengers' luggage.

Airlines are a particularly attractive medium for the smart and ambitious thief. Firms who deal in small, highly valuable goods have come to favour air transport because of its speed and convenience. Every year the aircraft of the two British corporations, B.O.A.C. and B.E.A., carry considerable quantities of nylons, precious stones, gold, scarce medical drugs like streptomycin, and other valuable goods.

"The biggest problem in this job," says Fish, "is that a clever crime is often not discovered until the aircraft reaches its terminus. With the time at many transit stops cut to a minimum, and men swarming over the aircraft refuelling and so on, a theft may have occurred at any one of half a dozen or more places."

Some time ago, the airport at Accra, on the Gold Coast, reported that twelve watches had been stolen from a box sent from Geneva. Wax seals which had been put on the box had been intact when it had arrived, but all that had been inside were a few stones. From this it appeared that the watches had been taken before the seals had been put on. But, at Geneva, Fish found that the box had not been wax-sealed at all. The thief had put the seals on as a blind and to cover up the damage he had done.

This left Rome, Tripoli and Accra as suspect, and the only clues a handful of very ordinary stones. Fish sent them to the Geological Survey. They reported that on some of the stones were pieces of cement, and embedded in the cement were curious minute shells which could have come only from the Mediterranean. But which side of the Mediterranean the scientists could not say.

With the co-operation of Interpol, the international police organization in Paris, Fish next sent the stones to geologists in Rome. They reported that the shells were found only on the

North African coast. Tripoli, then, was the scene of the crime. And, although Fish's assistant arrived too late to make an arrest, action was taken to ensure that the suspects would not have a second opportunity. Fish says: "Because of the time lag, we have to consider some cases successfully concluded if the trouble-spot is discovered and preventive measures are carried out."

The complex routes in modern air travel also make Fish's job difficult. At one period there were so many losses that he began to wonder if the whole criminal world was becoming air-minded. Watches, carpets, diamonds and other high-priced commodities were being missed at Johannesburg, New York, Calcutta and other widely scattered airports. Then, after some investigation, a pattern was seen in the losses which focused them on the Middle and Near East. They were finally reduced to one conspiracy operating from Baghdad and Cairo, two places where several routes intersect.

New Ways Of Stealing

Not unnaturally, the people who try to operate in this new field of crime occasionally evolve some ingenious methods. "Their prime object is to remove suspicion from the airport where they operate, or at least to give themselves sufficient time to get the goods out of the way," says Fish. "They know that if we can narrow the crime down to one place in a short time the game is as good as up."

One clever pilferer drilled a small hole in a box containing synthetic rubies, removed about half of them, and filled the hole with a small, knot-like piece of wood.

But perhaps the most ingenious theft involved a box of diamonds which was reported on arrival at Bangkok. To all appearances, the box had been intact, and the steel banding and seal were perfectly in order. After a little probing, however, the detectives found that the thief had steamed off the label and sawn out a small piece of wood beneath it. Having replaced the contents of the box with stones, bits of iron and other rubbish, he had then put a piece of stiff, sticky brown paper larger than the hole on the inside of the box. He had replaced the piece of wood and, having put back the label, he had finally shaken the contents of the box about, to make sure that the brown paper stuck.

The keynote of security work is vigilance. Fish cites the case of the valuable clock which was missed from the board room in Airways House. Two years later one of his men spotted it in Accra.

More substantial evidence of the successful vigilance of Fish's team is found in B.O.A.C. statistics. In the financial year 1947-48 the corporation's aircraft carried precious cargo worth £28,250,000; in the last financial year the total was £144,000,000. The losses through crime in 1950-51 were no more than £2,000.

Fish has four assistants—two in London, one in Cairo and another in Karachi—and every airport has a staff of security guards responsible to him. All freight, mail and baggage is loaded and unloaded under their supervision, and they see that all precious cargo is securely sealed.

Watch On Smuggling

"For the corporation's own good we also take precautions against smuggling," says Fish. "Once the Customs find contraband, the planes are subjected to severe checks and, therefore, delays. At British airports the guards can save the corporation money, too. If they spot a theft of, say, a dozen watches from a consignment of a hundred before the aircraft is unloaded, B.O.A.C. does not have to pay the purchase tax on the missing watches. But if the loss is not discovered until later, we must pay the tax."

The big bogey of Fish's life is the mails. Generally, he has no means of knowing the contents of mailbags. They may contain anything from circulars to diamonds. About six months ago a package containing diamonds worth £10,000 was stolen on a flight to Bangkok. "On the infrequent occasions when I am advised about valuables in the mail I immediately detail a security guard to go with the aircraft," says Fish. "Otherwise, mail is treated as normal freight."

Fish is constantly travelling. "I visit places where the crime graph is rising," he says

Mailbag thefts are the most difficult to uncover because the evidence is rarely more than a small slit in the bag. "And, in additlon, once a bag has been slashed, it may be rifled at every stopping place on the route." On the London—Sydney service two years or so ago the mail was being opened quite frequently. Since there was no early clue to pinpoint the thefts, Fish decided on an extensive check along the whole route.

Most of the robberies were occurring on eastbound flights, so, while London security officers began double-checking every bag on to the aircraft, two men left Sydney for Singapore. They had a big job on their hands. The average weight of mail carried on each of the ten weekly flights to and from Australia is about three tons, and within the one and a half hours' scheduled stopping time they had to examine every bag closely.

Within a few days they found one slashed in an eastbound plane. They moved on from Singapore to Calcutta to check the bags coming in from Karachi. A week later, having reached Karachi, they had a cable saying that two slashed mailbags had been unloaded at Rome—on a westbound flight. Since they had checked those bags through Karachi, this proved conclusively that the thieves were in Cairo, the next stop before Rome. A month later the thieves were caught on the job.

Fish always keeps up to date with his beats. He has been on the Australian, Hongkong, Johannesburg, Gold Coast, Atlantic and West Indian runs. "I make a point of visiting places where the graph is rising," he says. "The trouble may not always be due to crime; carelessness is my responsibility, too."

He is immensely absorbed in his job, which calls for something new in the way of detection. But, like most police work, it is a little hectic at times. "It has probably given me a few more grey hairs," Fish says. One thing it has inevitably given him is a new name. Throughout B.O.A.C. he is known as "Flying Fish." THE END

Caught in the beam of Havoc's torch, the canon stood still. He pushed back the hood of his dressing-gown and let the light play full on his face

TIGER IN THE SMOKE

by
MARGERY ALLINGHAM
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

The canon knew now who the killer was. "Come out, Johnny Cash!" he called softly in the darkness of the church. At that moment he felt only compassion

JACK HAVOC, A DANGEROUS KILLER, was at large in London. He had murdered five people and still the police were no nearer catching him in the fogbound city.

Havoc had escaped from jail to find the fabulous Ste. Odile treasure. He had first learned of it during a wartime raid on a house on the French coast. Martin Elginbrodde, the young officer who led the raid, told him the treasure was in the house, where he had lived as a child. He also mentioned his wife, Meg. If he did not survive the war, he said, he would leave a letter locating the treasure for her next husband, if she remarried.

He did not survive the war. And when Havoc heard—in jail—that Meg was planning to marry again, he knew he must get the letter.

But other men had been on the raid and they, too, wanted a share of the treasure. Forming themselves into a band of street musicians, they tramped the streets looking for Havoc. The day of his escape they thought they found him. But the man they abducted in the fog was not Havoc, but Geoffrey Levett—Meg's fiancé.

Meg, alarmed at Levett's absence, got her cousin, Albert Campion, the criminologist, and Chief Inspector Charlie Luke of Scotland Yard to search for him.

By the time Levett was rescued, he knew the full story. He found the letter hidden in the rectory, where Meg lived, and with Meg, Campion and Campion's wife, Amanda, set off at once for France to find the treasure.

Meanwhile, Inspector Luke was trying to account for Havoc's familiarity with the district. He asked Canon Avril, Meg's saintly old father, what had happened to Johnny Cash, ne'er-do-well son of Mrs. Cash, a local dealer. The boy, the canon said, had been reported dead.

PART 7

The Canon's Gamble

WHEN Canon Avril had made sure that the front door was locked, somewhat to the amusement of Sergeant Picot, who was seated in front of it, he went to bed, or at least

Continued on page 23

Case of the madness bread

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

The bread was delicious. Yet those who ate it fell ill—a strange, frightening illness of delirium, hallucinations, and sometimes death

Mayor Hébrard holds a piece of the "madness" bread, sealed for dispatch to a laboratory

MARSEILLES

PONT-SAINT-ESPRIT is a pretty, medieval town lying on the River Rhône in the department of the Gard, in south-eastern France. The majority of its five thousand inhabitants are vine-growers and farmers, a few are miners, and it provides five hundred workers for the great power dam which is being constructed at Donzère, twelve miles up the river to the north. Being within easy reach of such famous towns as Nîmes and Avignon, it has also a small seasonal tourist trade. It is an obscure, peaceful little place whose existence not one Frenchman in ten thousand had ever suspected. In the last fortnight of August last year it became, suddenly and tragically, the most notorious town in France, the microcosm of such a communal fear as has hardly been known since the annihilating plagues of the Middle Ages.

On the afternoon of Saturday, August 18, Félix Mison, a fifty-five year old farmer of Carsan, a village three miles from Pont-Saint-Esprit, took to his bed with vomiting, a violent headache and stomach pains. His wife sent for Dr. Albert Gabbaï, one of the three doctors in the town. Dr. Gabbaï arrived in his car at about 5 p.m., diagnosed food poisoning and prescribed accordingly. "What have you been eating out of the ordinary in the last twenty-four hours?"

The patient's wife thought. "Nothing. I took my husband his usual picnic meal to the fields—sausage, cheese, a bottle of wine."

"No tinned food, no shell fish?"

"Nothing, Doctor."

"Think." The doctor, a dark, powerfully built man, looked at the woman anxiously.

She shook her head. Then—"Wait. Félix said he felt hungry in the middle of the night. He went down to the kitchen and ate a lot of bread. I remember it well because he remarked that the bread was delicious."

"Who is your baker?"

"Roch Briand, of the Grande Rue."

Dr. Gabbaï made his notes and returned to Pont-Saint-Esprit puzzled, if not yet worried. Mison's was the seventh case of gastritis he had treated in the last twenty-four hours. When he reached home it was to find another patient: his own wife had gone to bed suffering from much the same complaint as Félix Mison. The story the farmer's wife had told reminded the doctor that his baker, too, was Briand, in the Grande Rue.

At about the same time, one of Dr. Gabbaï's

Suspicious townspeople threw their bread into the river. Next day, a ferryman reported that he had seen this—dead fish lying on the mud

colleagues, Dr. Channac, was visiting M. Guigou, lying ill in the flat above his garage in the avenue Gambetta. Guigou, a man of over seventy, told the doctor feebly that he had burning pains in the stomach, a bad headache and tingling sensations in his arms and in the lower part of his legs.

For Dr. Channac it was the tenth time since 3 p.m. on the day before that he had heard more or less the same story. Like Dr. Gabbaï, he diagnosed gastritis and interrogated the patient. He found that Guigou had been away the day before and had returned to the town only that morning. He had not lunched at home but at the Hôtel du Commerce. Dr. Channac made him comfortable, then walked over to the hotel, two hundred yards away.

Brought His Own Bread

Its proprietor, M. Redortier, told him that as far as he knew all the hotel guests were in the best of health. There had been several tourists both on that day and the day before; he had served twenty-two luncheons on each occasion. He knew Guigou well, but could not remember what that particular client had eaten for lunch. But M. Redortier did remember one thing—Guigou had brought his own bread to the table. Guigou's baker, the doctor learned, was Roch Briand. The hotel, on the other hand, was supplied with bread by another baker.

As Dr. Channac walked the short distance to his surgery he realized that he was not feeling very well himself. His head felt unduly hot and he was shaken by intermittent nausea. He had noted the point about Guigou's bread for he, also, went to the baker in the Grande Rue. But he forgot both this and his indisposition on arriving home, where three more messages from panel patients called him out urgently.

It was now after 7 p.m., and the town's third doctor, Vieu, was having as busy a time as his two colleagues. He was treating two children, Marie-Martine and Bruno Perrin, on holiday from Marseilles with relatives at Pont-Saint-Esprit. They showed the same symptoms as had more than a dozen of his patients since the evening of the day before—vomiting, headaches and a general burning malaise of the stomach and extremities. The children's diet had been normal: soup, fish, veal, a little wine and, of course, bread—bread supplied by Roch Briand.

Roch Briand was a name which was beginning to appear with some frequency in Dr. Vieu's case histories, but any speculation it might then have set off was postponed by immediate necessity. Dr. Vieu, on leaving the Perrin children, had to go straight to the bedside of Charles Pommier, a sexagenarian widower of the village of Lamotte, across the river. Pommier, his neighbours told the doctor, was prostrated with stomach cramps and was beginning to talk a little wildly.

Gossip In The Cafés

By the morning of the next day, Sunday the nineteenth, more than sixty people in the town were ill with gastritis. The doctors, each amply occupied with his own patients, had not yet met one another, or been able to compare notes together in any way.

Meanwhile, as in any small town anywhere, the news of the outbreak was spreading. Women chatting at their doors or meeting on the way from church, their men gathering in the cafés for midday drinks—these had leisure to speculate and stories to compare. Many had one or more members of their families sick; many, as they went about their business, did not feel quite normal themselves. They complained of nausea and insomnia; they were light-headed and unduly talkative.

Mutual commiseration led to mutual questioning, and nowhere more frequently than at No. 29 Grande Rue, the bakery of Roch Briand. The baker listened to his customers' stories with sympathy, for both he and his wife were feeling distinctly ill; he himself had not slept for more than twenty hours. His daughter, Yvonne, was the only healthy one in the house. Questioned by the customers, Yvonne admitted that she ate only biscuits with her meals and never touched her father's or any other baker's bread.

A boy went mad and tried to strangle his mother; neighbours strapped him to a bed. These photographs were taken by French cameramen during the "madness"

By early afternoon, nearly a hundred of baker Briand's 230 customers were suffering in varying degrees from nausea, head pains and abdominal cramp. Many were vaguely aware that the cause of their illness might lie in the bread, but they had dispersed since meeting one another in the morning and they kept their suspicions to themselves. Besides, the bread had been delicious! Bread as white, light and crackling as any they had ever tasted.

Some ate it again for lunch that day; others, more prudent, were content with biscuits and gave the doubtful bread to their domestic animals, the dogs, cats, chickens and pigs in their backyards. A few wrapped up the loaves in newspaper and threw them into the Rhône.

While rumours and a certain mild alarm were expanding in the homes of those who were ill or believed themselves about to become so, the three doctors were being run off their feet, independently prescribing for patients all over the town and in the surrounding villages. Not one of them had taken off his clothes since the previous afternoon. Dr. Channac was courageously carrying on, in spite of being now clearly ill himself. By five o'clock that evening, Dr. Gabbaï had seen his thirty-first patient, and Dr. Vieu his twenty-ninth. The symptoms were similar in every case: vomiting, headaches, stomach cramps and tingling sensations—often followed by loss of any sensation whatever—in the hands and lower legs. In every case the patient proved to be a customer of Roch Briand.

All this was disquieting, but hardly more than that. Patients seemed to be responding to treatment; despite the new cases which called the doctors out frequently, it was still hoped that they were dealing with a simple outbreak of food poisoning to which the weather, peculiarly hot and sticky at the time, would be propitious.

"We were doing all we could," says Dr. Channac. "The very frequency of the cases prevented us at that stage from taking a total view. We were far too busy to confer among ourselves. I had my own ideas and my colleagues had theirs. As it turned out, our ideas were one and the same. But the middle of a battle is not the time to swap ideas."

First Sign Of Madness

The battle was only just beginning. It was Dr. Gabbaï who announced the first real attack. At half past nine, the doctor's telephone rang for the twenty-first time that day. It was the wife of Félix Mison calling from Carsan. Her husband, whom the doctor had seen at five o'clock on the evening of the day before, had taken a considerable turn for the worse. "Come at once," urged Madame Mison, "his condition frightens me."

When the doctor reached the farm half an

hour later, he was astonished and alarmed. Félix Mison, treated the previous day for a mild attack of food poisoning, was almost unrecognizable. "He got worse early this evening," his wife explained. "I thought he had gone mad. He wanted to get out of the house, and I and my daughter had to hold him down. He writhed on the bed, threw his arms about and started screaming. He complained of being alternately hot and cold. Then his delirium stopped and he lay still. He hasn't moved since. What can it be?"

Dr. Gabbaï had no idea; this was something quite beyond his experience. All he could be certain of was that Mison needed expert and ceaseless nursing. "Your husband must be taken to hospital immediately," he told the woman. "Telephone to Nîmes for an ambulance at once." While Madame Mison went out to wake up the village post office, Dr. Gabbaï watched his disquieting patient. Twice the sick man's delirium flared up again. Once, when the doctor leaned over him with a syringe of morphia, Mison raised himself and shrank back.

"For God's sake don't touch me," he shouted. "I'm a torch, a flaming torch. Look! See my legs—they're on fire, they're paddling in the flames. . . ." Dr. Gabbaï had to get help to hold the man down in the bed.

At 2 a.m. the ambulance arrived from Nîmes, forty miles away. Two nurses loaded Mison into it on a stretcher. He was dying.

Conference At Town Hall

Dr. Gabbaï went back to the town as fast as he could. As he drove he reviewed the thirty-five cases he had attended in the last forty hours. He remembered the Roux family, which he had visited the day before. M. Roux had presided over a table of nine for lunch. Five of the family, a few hours later, had been taken ill with gastritis: they had all eaten Briand's bread. The four who had escaped were guests, and had brought another baker's bread with them. Thinking of the Roux cases, the vague suspicion that had surprised him when, returning from his first visit to Félix Mison, he found his own wife ailing, began to take concrete shape in his mind.

He drove straight to the *Mairie*, the town hall, in the avenue Gambetta. Within five minutes he was talking to the mayor, M. Hébrard. "There's not a moment to lose," said the doctor. "We must get Channac and Vieu here at once. Something very serious is happening in the town."

Dr. Channac was the first to arrive. He had come straight from the bedside of Pierre Gomez, a young miner suddenly taken with convulsions. The doctor, a tall, wiry man, seemed exhausted. Dr. Vieu, who reached the *Mairie* shortly afterwards, was in hardly better shape. The three men quickly compared notes. Dr. Gabbaï gave a brief account of the situation.

Doctors Were Baffled

"Between us," he said, "we have seen more than a hundred cases of food poisoning in the last sixty hours. These case histories have all one thing in common: every patient we have attended has eaten bread bought from a single bakery—Roch Briand's in the Grande Rue. In the last few hours, the patients we have revisited have become delirious and are showing symptoms at variance with our common diagnosis. Félix Mison, whom I have just sent to Nîmes, won't last out the day. I, for one, am quite out of my depth. I suggest we immediately convene the local medical authorities."

The suggestion was accepted at once. The mayor telephoned his report to Nîmes, requesting that the *Médecin Chef de la Santé du Gard* (the chief divisional medical officer) be informed without delay. He then assembled the council. The first step was obvious: all the bakeries in the town were shut and any flour found on their premises was impounded by the police. Roch Briand was ordered to the *Mairie*. Briand, a big, solidly built man of forty-six, did not attempt to deny the evidence, but protested passionately against the idea that he suspected his flour to be infected. As proof he pointed out that both he and his wife had themselves been poisoned. The mayor dismissed him with the warning that he must hold himself at the disposition of the council.

For the moment that was all that the local authorities could do. The tired doctors returned to their patients while the mayor opened his offices and sent for his staff. The most harassing three weeks in the civic history of Pont-Saint-Esprit had begun.

News Of Mison's Death

Outside, in the streets just growing light, people were abroad earlier than usual; the story of Mison's crisis was already known. Men and women assembled in gossiping groups. Those who had seen the illness at first hand, as well as those who had simply eaten Briand's bread, looked at one another with suspicious anxiety. At 10 a.m. the mayor was told by telephone from Nîmes that Félix Mison had died an hour before. The report rang like a bell through the town. As before a tape machine, the crowds grew thicker round the *Mairie*.

In the boulevard Carnot, the grey building of the Hôtel-Dieu, the town's infirmary, prepared to receive its first patients—those whose condition the doctors judged to be too precarious or too unmanageable to be nursed at home. At noon, Mayor Hébrard made a tally of the sick: the total was 120.

As the hot day wore on, dramatic news of the latest cases reached the crowds standing under the plane trees. The stories were strange and frightening. José Puche, a young Spaniard who had been taken to the Hôtel-Dieu after thirty hours of insomnia, suddenly leaped from his bed and climbed to the sill of a window on the second floor. "Look," he shouted to the people below as he jumped into space, "I'm an aeroplane and I can fly." Two nurses ran down and picked him up. He had a broken leg.

At the village of Lamotte, Dr. Vieu's patient, Charles Pommier, got to his feet after two days of prostration, barricaded his door and, seizing his shotgun, fiercely threatened passers-by from the window. The police forced their way in and he surrendered, shouting with laughter and proclaiming that he was to be married the very next day.

A young man called Gabriel Valdaire rushed through the streets screaming: "My head is made of copper! There are flaming snakes in my belly!" Before he could be caught he dived into the river in an effort to quench what he thought was his fiery body.

By late afternoon there were few in Pont-Saint-Esprit who had not witnessed or heard of some such unnervingly pathetic incident. At 5 p.m. three doctors from Montpellier and Nîmes arrived to help Gabbaï, Channac and Vieu, now very tired indeed. The worst cases in the Hôtel-Dieu were sent by ambulance to Nîmes, Orange and Avignon; many made the journey in strait-jackets.

Post-mortem Ordered

In Nîmes, meanwhile, Dr. Gabbaï refused to sign Félix Mison's death certificate. An autopsy was ordered and vital organs were sent for analysis to the regional police laboratory at Marseilles, as were samples of flour taken from the stocks of every baker in Pont-Saint-Esprit.

Back in the town, a sort of council of war was being held in the *Mairie* at 9 p.m. Dr. Bataillin, the chief divisional medical officer; Professor Recordier, of the Faculty of Medicine of Marseilles; the examining magistrate of Nîmes, M. Perrier, and all the doctors assembled under the chairmanship of the mayor.

White and worried, Roch Briand was brought

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Roch Briand, of Grande Rue, who baked the poisoned bread. He and his wife ate some, and fell ill

Briand's bakery at 29 Grande Rue. It remained shut while police tried to trace the flour to its source

In the police laboratory at Marseilles, Professor Ollivier analysed samples of Roch Briand's bread

Grandma and the godly Hamish

by JOHN TAIT

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Ah, what a boy he'd been all those years ago. And what a welcome she'd give him now!

THE LETTER FOR GRANDMA came on a Saturday afternoon, when both my father and I were home. It had been forwarded from her home and was addressed in a laborious sprawling hand to: "Mistress Eliza Guthrie, Ardrach, Ayr."

Grandma peered at it briefly with deeply set slate-grey eyes and then handed it to my mother. "Here, Jessie. I left my specs in my room. See who it's from."

My mother opened the letter and glanced at the signature at the end. "Hamish Macgregor," she said, and looked inquiringly at Grandma.

"Hamish Macgregor!" Grandma lowered her knitting. "Well, I never! I haven't laid eye on Hamish for more than forty years. I thought he was in his grave long ago. What does he say, Jessie?"

"But who is he?" my mother said.

"A laddie I used to know when I was a wee smout of a lassie in Auchterfenty; youngest son of my father's foreman." Grandma lowered her eyes with an effect of grisly coyness. "Hamish and I had quite a notion of each other at one time, but then he went sailin' and I never saw him again. What does he say, Jessie?"

My mother raised the letter. "'Braeside Dock, Glasgow,'" she read. "'Dear Lizzie, Just a wee scrape to let you ken that my ship, the *Highland Maid*, will be laid up here till the end of the month and that I will be dropping down to see you. It was only by chance that I happened to hear that your man had gone to his rest and, grieved though I was for you, it made me think of the old days in Auchterfenty. My, Lizzie, but it was the bonnie, bonnie one you were then. Do you mind the time down by the burn——'"

"Here!" exclaimed Grandma, and snatched

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"Guidness me!" he said, awestruck. "This is never Lizzie?" Grandma stared at him coldly

In her hotel room high above the lights of Broadway, New York's entertainment centre, Anne Shelton planned what was to be virtually a new career

Anne Shelton, singer who came back a star

by IAN BEVAN

Things happened to her in America. She lost weight, gained new confidence, and developed an unsuspected talent for comedy

WHEN ANNE SHELTON SET SAIL for New York last year with the intention of conquering American audiences, professional associates at home credited her with about as much chance of success as Canute had of ordering back the waves. When she returned nine months later, bearing a sheaf of Press clippings that compared her favourably with Sophie Tucker, Kate Smith and Dinah Shore, grudging rivals had to admit that it was another triumph for the London girl who always thinks before she acts.

Anne is very good at her job; but even the best of newcomers is likely to be overlooked in a country as well supplied with singing stars as the United States. Anne is expert at making sure that her talents are not ignored.

In America, as she well knew, a popular singer can be made or broken by the "disc jockeys." If these men plug a particular record on their radio sessions it means success; if they ignore it, the record will be lucky to sell a few hundred copies. Anne's fresh, rhythmic style of singing was popular with disc jockeys for several years before she went to the States, but she took care when she was there to meet as many of them as she could and thank them for past favours. And for one of her new recordings made in New York, she picked a song called "Don't Call Me Darling, My Darling." This is an attractive number which might well have been a hit in any case, but what particularly endeared it to her was that it had been written by George Goodwin, founder of the American Society of Deejays (Disc Jockeys). The society has about 4,000 members, most of whom have their own radio sessions. If each of them played it only once, it would be heard by millions. At last reports, the record was climbing well into the hit parade. It is not considered essential for a singer to think, but it helps.

Next week, Anne is due to lead a trio of British music hall stars at the London Palladium (the others are Max Bygraves and Michael Bentine), all of whom put theatrical lend-lease into reverse last year and profitably exported their talents to the U.S.A. They have returned to Britain with new prestige, and offers for future American tours which prove that the transatlantic traffic in variety stars need not be a one-way affair.

At twenty-eight, Anne has virtually launched herself on a new career—in honour of which she has changed the colour of her hair and gone on a diet that has trimmed two and a half stone off a figure which had reached somewhat ample proportions. The American tour has given a new polish and confidence to her stage work, and she has developed an unsuspected talent for comedy. "Before she went away," said an acquaintance of long standing, "Anne was a singer; she has come back a star."

At present, Anne lives with her family in Dulwich. When she marries she may move to the country. She is engaged to David Reid, an ex-Royal Navy officer who is also her business

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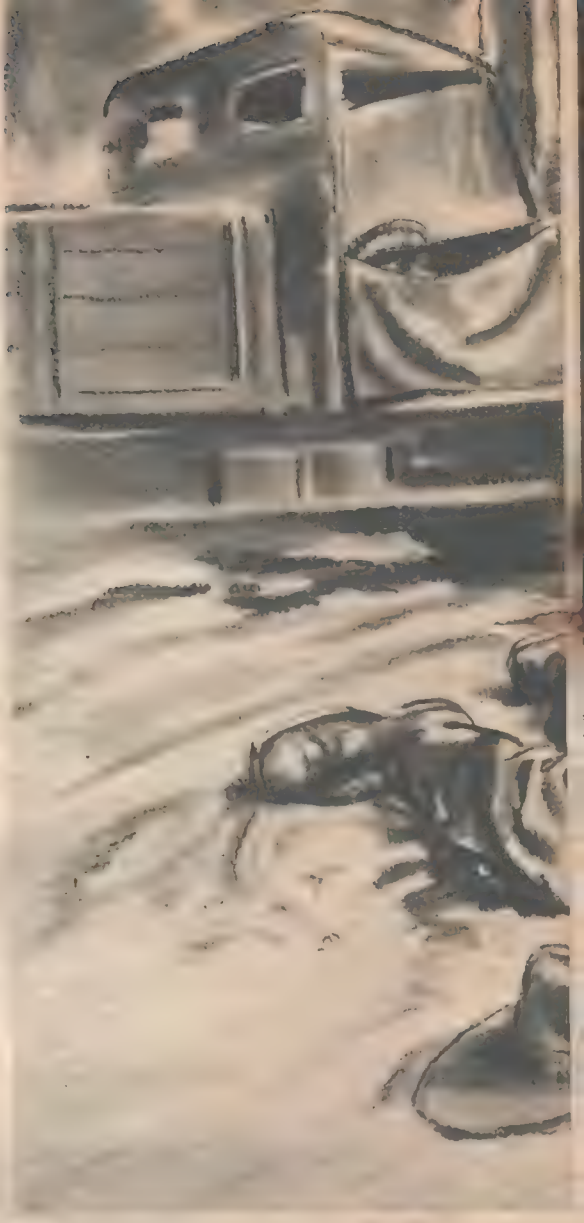
The Silent Hunter

by ***JON CLEARY***

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD



Sam could only wait and watch. A man was closing in to kill him—a man who knew Sam couldn't hear him coming

EVERYONE IN DARWIN knew that Chuck Mordaunt would eventually kill a man. Big and arrogant, murderous when he was drunk, he had been in more fights than a sideshow bruiser. And sooner or later he would win in a fight by killing a man. No one in the town would have any regrets, except for the murdered man, because it would mean they could hang Mordaunt.

Now he was trying to kill Sam Graves. Nobody in the hotel could remember how the fight had started, but it had been coming for a long time. Mordaunt hadn't liked it last season when Sam Graves and Bluey Lewis had beaten him for the party of American sportsmen who had been looking for someone to take them into the Gulf country to hunt crocodile. Then, during the wet season, when everyone had so much time on their hands, there had been the new nurse at the hospital, up from Adelaide on three months' relief duty, and Mordaunt had lost out there to Sam. It had been only a question of time before a fist was swung.

The hotel-keeper was yelling for someone to call the police, but no one was taking any notice of him. Sam Graves was thinking maybe he should go for the police himself. He knew there could be only one end to this fight. He wasn't a small man, but Mordaunt towered over him. Only his speed had kept him from being splayed against a wall, but he couldn't keep running all night. Mordaunt relished his rôle of strong-arm, and it was doing his reputation no good to have this half-sized runt leading him a race around the room.

A fist finally caught Sam. It came out of the sweltering, smoke-laden air of the bar with heavy swiftness, and he went down in a crumbling heap. As he hit the floor he heard the men yell, then the blinding pain struck him in the right ear. His stomach retched and his head swelled as if it would burst. Dimly he saw Mordaunt towering over him, the swinging boot still raised, then the pain blinded him again.

He climbed up from the floor and looked for Mordaunt. He was still looking for him when Bluey Lewis, his red hair standing up like an explosion, broke through the crowd and went past with a rush. Sam fell back against the bar counter, holding to it to keep himself from falling, and saw Bluey pile into Mordaunt behind a viciously swung fist. It was a fight between heavyweights now; Bluey matched Mordaunt for size, and he had the advantage of being fresh, of coming in against a man who had already been fighting for ten minutes. Bluey went about it methodically, as if he were skinning a crocodile or cutting up a bullock.

Then several of the men stepped in and dragged Bluey away from Mordaunt as the police sergeant and the constable came through the door. The sergeant took one look at the raw hulk of Mordaunt, then turned to Sam, still holding to the bar, the side of his face shining with blood. He said something, but Sam couldn't hear him in the hubbub of the crowd.

Then suddenly, through the pain in his head, Sam realized there was no hubbub. He straightened up and looked about him. Mouths were opening, glasses were being thumped on the bar, men were coming and going through the doors. But there was no sound.

"I can't hear," he said, and tried to keep the panic from his voice. "I can't hear a thing!"

At the hospital, the doctor listened while Bluey talked. Sam sat slumped in a chair, while a nurse cleaned the smashed ear. Then they put him on a table and the doctor spent a long time examining him. Sam, overcome by exhaustion and the sedative the nurse had given him, dozed off.

When the doctor shook him awake, he opened his eyes and looked up at the three grave faces. Even before he was fully awake, he knew something was seriously wrong.

"What's up?" he said.

The doctor went to a desk, scribbled for a moment on a pad and came back. Sam sat up and read: *The inner ear has been damaged. You are stone deaf and there is nothing we can do here. Your only hope—and I can promise nothing—is to go south and see a specialist.*

"Will they be able to do anything for me?" Sam said.

The doctor shrugged and pointed to the pad: *I can promise nothing.*

"Go south?" Sam said. "It's easier said than done. There's the time and money. What can happen if I don't go?"

The doctor said something to Bluey, who thought for a moment, then nodded. The doctor wrote again on the pad, his hand moving carefully and almost reluctantly. He passed the pad to Sam: *Nothing. The worst has happened. You'll never be more deaf than you are now.*

SAM stood quite still for a long time, staring at the blank wall in front of him, then he turned to Bluey.

"You want a deaf bloke for a partner?" he said. Bluey nodded without hesitation and put out his hand, and Sam said: "Righto. We'll leave here for the Wallaroo tomorrow, just as we'd planned. The ear can wait."

Bluey took the doctor's pad and scribbled on it: *There's one other thing. Back at the pub the copper asked if you wanted to lay a charge against Mordaunt. They're looking for this chance to lock him up. He's left town and they'll go after him if you give the word.*

Sam looked at Bluey, the doctor and the nurse standing silently in another world.

"Leave the police out of it," he said, and didn't know whether he whispered or shouted. "This is something between me and Mordaunt."

But thirty-six hours later, as the old army truck bumped down the track away from the main road, Sam had cooled down considerably. He was a good-natured, easy-going man, and the fight with Mordaunt had only begun because Mordaunt had come into the bar looking for it.

"Did Mordaunt say anything about you and me before he left town?" he said.

Bluey, driving the truck, drew the blade of his hand across his throat in a swift slash, and pointed at both of them.

Sam grunted to himself.

The truck bounced and lurched down the rough track. There was another day of this before they reached the river where they expected to find their first crocodiles. This was their third season as croc hunters, and at the end of this one they hoped to have enough money to begin the freight airline they had dreamed about since they had got out of the R.A.A.F.

That night they picked up two aboriginal helpers at the mission station where they camped, and next morning moved on towards the Wallaroo River. The aborigines grinned like black Cheshire cats enjoying a huge joke, when Bluey explained that Sam couldn't hear.

The third night out they camped in a clearing close to a grove of eucalyptus, well away from the river, so the crocodiles would not worry them. Next morning, taking one of the aborigines with them and leaving the other to set up camp properly, they drove the two miles down to the river. They unloaded the small flat-bottomed boat, pushed it into the river and clambered aboard. The aborigine took the paddle and

Sam heard nothing, but as the aborigine fled, he dropped flat beside Bluey. Then he saw Mordaunt, fifty yards away, his rifle raised

slowly they began to move away downstream.

The river glittered and quivered in the intense glare of the morning sun. A crane flew overhead, and Sam looked up, suddenly helpless and afraid. He had been thinking about it all the way out in the truck, but until now he had put off admitting fully to himself what he knew was the truth. He was finished as a hunter. He hadn't known of the crane's existence until its shadow had darkened his face; it had come and gone silently, with nothing to warn him.

He sat in the prow of the boat, his rifle across his knees, and knew he might just as well have stayed back in camp, even back in Darwin.

"It's no use, Bluey," he said.

But Bluey hadn't heard him. He was standing up, his rifle raised to his shoulder, while the aborigine slowly swung the boat towards the left bank. Sam turned his head quickly, but couldn't see the crocodile. He saw Bluey pull the trigger, saw the birds rise in a thin cloud from the banks, heard in his mind their screaming, then at last saw the crocodile. It was on a mudbank close to the river's edge, its tail slapping convulsively as it tried to slide off the bank into the water. Then abruptly it was still.

Bluey suddenly changed aim, pulled the trigger again, then excitedly put up two fingers. The second crocodile, twenty yards downstream from the first, was slowly slipping down the bank, dead already but still moving with the pull of its own weight down the steep incline.

"Nice work," Sam said, and looked down at the rifle in his hands. "I'm sorry, Bluey. I should've got that second one."

Then he saw the big fellow lying on the mudbank at the bend of the river. Motionless and mud-streaked, it looked like a huge log that had been washed down from the thick forests upstream. Sam raised his arm and pointed, and the aborigine altered course. The boat moved in, running gently with the flow, and Sam stood up and put his rifle to his shoulder. He could feel excitement quivering in the muscles of his shoulders, and his breath lay like a great weight across his chest.

He raised the gun and sighted down it, and saw nothing. The mudbank was just a blur, the crocodile completely lost in it. He blinked his eyes, trying to ease them of the strain that had blinded him, while the boat moved in towards the mudbank. He took aim again, having to deflect the barrel—they were in so close now; then abruptly the boat swung away.

He pressed the trigger, but even as he did, he knew it wasn't a true shot. The boat scraped the mudbank as the aborigine paddled furiously to get it away into midstream before it became stuck. The crocodile opened the ugly vice of its mouth as the boat grazed it.

"Swing her around!" Sam yelled.

Bluey had already grabbed the spare paddle. The boat swung in a tight circle. Then the crocodile, coming off the mudbank in a rush, hit them. The tail slashed once, and the side of the boat was splintered like matchwood. The boat scraped along the length of the croc's huge body. The long snout rose up, baring the vicious teeth, then the boat had veered away, and in a few moments had grounded on mud. Bluey and the aborigine leaped out, but Sam steadied himself and turned round. He raised the rifle, watching the croc coming at him through the water, seeing him as clearly as he had ever seen anything, then he fired. It was true and deadly. The croc faltered, rolled slightly, then came to a stop under the back of the boat. Its tail moved slowly in a futile slap, then it was still.

Bluey, standing on the bank, wiped his brow and grinned. Sam looked up at him and said: "That was my fault. I thought we were gone then."

The three of them inspected the boat and decided it was good enough to get them back upstream, and got aboard.

It wasn't quite eleven o'clock, but, with the boat smashed as it was, the hunting was over for the day. Sam was glad in a way. Today had been a failure, and he needed rest and thought before he could go out to tackle the task again. They picked up the truck, and, finding a path where they could, they drove it downstream. They loaded the crocodiles they had dragged ashore and finally headed back towards camp. They had killed only four crocodiles, including the big one, and Sam knew they should have had twice that many if they had shot a full day.

Sam began skinning them, while Bluey looked after the food. An hour later, smelling as badly as the dead crocodiles, his wrist tired from the long lay-off on the knife, he washed himself down under the small canvas shower-bag rigged up beside the tent.

After they had finished their meal, Bluey and one of the aborigines drove off in the truck towards the river to pick up the damaged boat. Sam got out the rifles and the cleaning-kit. He unloaded his own rifle and dropped the clip with the three remaining bullets into the pocket of his shirt. He sat down on a box and began to clean the rifle. The first day was over, if a little early, and it was good to be back in the old routine.

He slipped the bolt back into the rifle and looked up to see the truck, a hundred yards down the track, coming towards the camp, lurch to one side, and come to a sudden stop against a tree. He stood up, shouting to the aborigine, as he saw Bluey tumble from the cabin. He began running as Bluey did, but even before he had gone ten yards he could see Bluey wasn't actually running, but was really falling forward in long, staggering steps. Then Bluey's legs crumpled beneath him. He seemed to hesitate for a

moment, like a man in doubt, then he had fallen flat.

Sam and the aborigine reached him together. Sam dropped to his knees and turned Bluey over. There was a dark patch on his khaki shirt, high on the left breast.

"What happened, mate?" Sam said.

Bluey's mouth worked slowly and with strain, and Sam looked up at the aborigine. "What's he saying?" he said, but the aborigine could only silently repeat the silent words.

"Write it!" Sam gestured at the dust, but the aborigine's mission education hadn't encompassed the words Bluey had said; he shook his head.

Bluey, lying with his head in Sam's lap, struggled weakly. His hand flopped in the dust and slowly his finger traced the rough, distorted letters: MOR; then the hand collapsed weakly into itself, and Bluey went limp.

The aborigine suddenly spun and was gone into the scrub. Sam stared after him, then looked up into the truck, wondering where the second aborigine was, and saw the truck's headlight break apart in an explosion of glass. He fell flat, almost throwing Bluey away from him, and through the dust he had disturbed saw Mordaunt fifty yards away, his rifle raised for another shot. Sam saw the smoke drift away from the barrel at the instant dust rose in an angry spurt close to his shoulder.

He bunched his legs under him and shot across behind the truck. For a moment he was out of sight of Mordaunt, then he was sprinting for the scrub. He ran headlong through a thick bush, flinging himself at it to get through, and abruptly a steep bank rose before him. He went at it at a run. The loose earth slid under him and he grabbed at a bush to prevent himself falling back. For the first time he realized that he was still carrying his rifle, and his hand tightened on it.

He was almost at the top of the bank when he felt the jarring jolt in his arm. He straightened, almost losing his balance, then he had flung himself forward and was over the top.

BEFORE him loomed thick timber, and he went down among it, comforted for the moment by the feeling of protection given by the trees. He stopped and looked back, but there was no sign of Mordaunt. He went on again.

It came to him that, though he could hear nothing, Mordaunt could probably follow him quite easily by the noise he was making as he pushed through the scrub. He began to move more cautiously.

At last he came to the river. He went up through the scrub to the top of a small rise. He sat down in a thick nest of bushes, feeling suddenly weak, and looked at the numbed arm where Mordaunt's bullet had hit him. The bullet had gone right through, missing the bone, and blood was still running freely from the wound. With some difficulty he ripped the sleeve from his shirt and bound his arm.

He patted the stock of the rifle lying across his lap, trying to give himself some small comfort. Then the comfort almost vanished as he put his hand to his pocket and remembered that the clip there was all the ammunition he had. He snapped the clip into the rifle with an angry motion, looked down the slope and saw Mordaunt standing among the trees close to the river.

He raised the rifle, but before he had taken aim it was too late; Mordaunt had disappeared among the trees again. He stared hard, waiting for some slight sign of movement. Then he saw the birds go in a swift burst from the bush about thirty yards down the slope. He raised the rifle again, ready for a sight of Mordaunt's big form, and with his finger on the trigger, saw the crocodile crawling up the slope towards him.

Automatically he almost pressed the trigger. His finger bent, then stopped. He sat quite still, his fingers stiff on the trigger, then slowly he relaxed. He saw the crocodile stop for a moment, then beyond it he saw the faint movement of a bush. His eyes ached with the strain of staring. He tried desperately to hear, but all he got in his ears was pain.

He could feel the gentle breeze on his face and he realized that, upwind as he was, the crocodile wasn't aware of him. It continued to crawl slowly up the slope, and Sam got to his haunches. He would have to move in a moment, and he looked about for a way to go. Mordaunt was still down in the timber; the moving bush a moment ago had shown that.

Then the crocodile stopped. It was so close he could smell it. Its upper lip went back in a long curl, exposing the ugly teeth, and Sam knew it had seen him. The tail switched suddenly, almost levelling the bushes about it, then Sam went plunging diagonally down the slope. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Mordaunt come out of the timber, his rifle to his shoulder, then he was running down into the dip in the slope, and again for the moment he was safe.

He ran into the trees, stopped and turned about. Mordaunt came over the rise in a lumbering run, firing as he came with his rifle at his hip. Splinters flew from trees close to Sam's face, and he spun round and made for thicker cover. When he halted and looked back, Mordaunt was gone.

SAM stood there, stiff and quiet as the trees beside him, and waited. There seemed nothing he *could* do but wait. Then it came to him that maybe Mordaunt was doing exactly the same thing—and Mordaunt had more time. Sam had little time; even while he stood here, doing nothing but waiting to be killed, Bluey was dying back there. He turned and began to make his way quietly back towards the clearing.

Through the trees he saw the inert form of Bluey, and he had to hold himself back from rushing forward to see if he was still alive.

Sam looked about the clearing, but there was no sign of Mordaunt. He bent and slowly picked up a stone. It wasn't large, about the size of a cricket ball, and he bounced it in his hand for a moment while he looked around. Then he drew back his arm and threw.

It was a good throw, straight and hard, and the stone went through the windscreen of the disabled truck with a crash that was like the echoes of a rifle shot in the clearing. Birds went up out of the trees like leaves caught by a sudden wind. A goanna scurried across the clearing, trailing a wake of dust. And in a patch of bushes on the far side of the clearing, Sam, his eyes paining with the effort of trying to look everywhere at once, saw a glint of steel and something that could have been a hat. He raised his rifle, found nothing to aim at, and lowered it again.

He settled himself to wait. He saw Bluey come back to consciousness in the hot, arid clearing, one hand coming up as though Bluey were brushing away a fly. Sam did not move. He sat quite still, while the sun scorched the back of his neck, and waited for Mordaunt to lose patience and show himself.

IN the bright heat, Bluey moved weakly, his arm lying across his face as he tried to shield it from the blinding sun. Sam, staring out at the limp dark heap, watched with a sick heart as unconsciousness overtook Bluey again, and the flies thickened into a dark shimmer around him. He raised himself on his haunches and decided to take his chances. He couldn't leave Bluey out there any longer.

He stood up and ran. He was only ten yards from Bluey when he realized his partner was not unconscious. He was awake, struggling to rise, pointing, his mouth open in a soundless shout.

Sam plunged to the ground, spinning in a cloud of dust to bring his rifle up in the direction in which Bluey had pointed. He saw Mordaunt come out of the black shadow of a poinciana tree, the sun flashing on the swiftly upcoming barrel, and he took aim. There was no excitement or strain. Sound didn't enter into this; everything was there in the small vent of his sights.

He pressed the trigger and Mordaunt suddenly bent in the middle. He didn't fall, but stumbled sideways against a bush, breaking through it as he brought his rifle up again and fired. Dust flew up close to Sam's shoulder; Mordaunt fired again, but the bullet went wide.

Sam took aim again, fired, and Mordaunt suddenly straightened, dropping his rifle, and clapped both hands to his face. He came out of the scrub into the clearing, staggering blindly in swiftly weakening steps. His legs slowly buckled and he went down on to his knees. Then he was just a still, dark heap in the brightness of the clearing.

Sam turned to Bluey as the two aborigines broke from the scrub and came towards them. He saw one of them turn and point an excited hand towards the jeep parked in the scrub about twenty yards beyond the wrecked truck. Then he looked down at Bluey.

Bluey made a grimace of a grin and Sam put out a hand and touched the red, sweat-darkened head. He was aware of pain all through him, but it was a relief to smile.

"I think we'll go south," he said. "We both need a doctor. There'll be time yet to start that airline."

Bluey nodded. The aborigines bent and carefully lifted him between them. Then Sam turned and began to lead them towards the jeep. None of them looked back towards the clearing where the only sound now was the hum of the thickening swarm of flies above the dark, dead heap of Mordaunt. THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THIS little girl caused a world-wide sensation when she was born. She weighed only one pound ten ounces and was kept alive from day to day by a couple of drops of rum.

Once she was sure of survival, a battle raged over the question of who should look after her and her sisters. An Act of Parliament gave the Government charge of them, and they lived in a special nursery-house, looked after by doctors and nurses instead of their parents.

When she was seven, however, the Act was changed and she became once more the charge of her parents. She is the shyest of the sisters, and wears spectacles. But those who know them all say that she has the pleasantest disposition.

Always the object of curiosity, she and her sisters were once exhibited to the public playing in their nursery, by means of one-way glass. Often 10,000 people a day came to see them.

She could not go anywhere without attracting attention. When, eight years old, she visited a large department store for the first time, crowds surged in to stare. Counters were overturned, showcases wrecked. She had to escape in the goods lift.

Now she is seventeen, and is planning to be a nun.

Last year she met the Royal visitors to Canada. For her name, turn to page 31

THE NAKED ISLAND

Continued from page 9

which he swept off, a truly impressive example of Japanese sartorial splendour.

Next day, accordingly, a guard arrived and painted New Guinea, India and Australia (and, for good luck, New Zealand) black. That night I painted them red again. A few days later this hideous crime was discovered and, after emphasizing their point with prolonged smacks and thumpings, the red spots were again blackened, South Africa being added to the list as a reprisal. I retaliated by reddening them all again and by removing Burma from the list of countries I had granted temporarily to the Axis.

That, when it was discovered, produced a real crisis. Most of the guard trooped down to my cell and there examined the offending map. With much jabbering among themselves, they discussed my crime. Brown fingers were pointed one after another at the countries and islands. Brown eyes flashed darkly when Burma was seen to be incarnadined. There seemed little doubt that the Imperial Japanese Army was highly displeased and that very soon an execution would follow.

I was extremely frightened, and wondered why on earth I should at this lamentable stage suddenly have gone mad on maps. Then the decision as to my fate was made. With a falsetto giggle, the senior Japanese n.c.o. decided that it was all too much for him: muttered "*damme, damme*" at me reprovingly; and, tapping me lightly on top of the head with his bayonet, gave me a cigarette. "Tojo presento," he said as he handed it to me. "*Aringato*," I thanked him. The whole guard trooped out of the cell: the incident was closed: the map remained red. Not being a smoker, I gave the cigarette to Hugh.

In any community where near-starvation prevails, the first thing to get settled to the satisfaction of all is the distribution and cooking of what rations there are. To this problem the thousand-odd men of Pudu devoted themselves with earnest application in the time-honoured way of all Britons—they formed a committee.

As a result, the existing cooks, who for weeks had produced only glue, were summarily sacked and men of initiative put in their place. The cooked rice was issued, a scoop at a time, to the men, the operation being supervised by officers. The officers themselves collected their food last and ate only when they were sure that every one of the men had received his ration—a point of military etiquette which I saw in no other camp and which speaks volumes for the calibre of the officers we had with us. There remained one problem—what to do with the few crumbs of rice which, inevitably, were left over after each man had received his ration.

We would all, it was decided, have numbers. We would take it in turn to receive an extra ration. The extra ration was known as a "leggi" ("*leggi*" being Malay for "more"): the number you had was your "leggi number." Thus does any society develop the rules by which its communal life is made both possible and tolerable. "Leggis" were an institution that remained with us until the war ended in 1945. They are a striking example of civilized man's ability to resist even the animal gnawings of starvation in the interests of the communal effort.

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how, in those days, the individual had to subordinate his desires to society rules if that society were to survive. The three things that could, at any time, kill us all off were work, disease and starvation. Only rigid self-discipline could keep latrines unfouled. Only a faithful adherence to the rules could ensure that the tiny quantity of food would keep everyone alive; and that the limited water available would slake one's thirst and keep one clean. All those things were managed. The prisoner-of-war life of those four years was an object-lesson in living together.

Each day a party of most of the men who could walk went out to work—mainly ant-labour on bridge reconstruction, carrying sandbags, in an endless chain of half-naked, bare-footed misery, under the mocking eyes of local natives (especially the Indians).

Bridge work, however, was infinitely preferable to the collection and loading on to lorries and trains of the wrecked dredges that lay all round Kuala Lumpur. These had been blown up as part of the scorched earth policy and now lay in unwieldy lumps of reluctant metal in every tin mine. The Nip engineers were collecting every bit of it and shipping it off to Japan.

By generous applications of pick handle to any exposed portion of the body, and by piratical slashings with their bayonets, our captors urged us on to lift almost superhuman weights. The days were a bedlam of their incessant, maniacal screaming. "Speedo," they screamed, which explains itself.

"*Bugero!*" they screamed, which means "Fool!"

"*Yazume nei,*" they screamed, which means, in answer to the request "*Yazume-ka?*", "No. No rest."

"*Damme, damme,*" they screamed, which means "Wrong, lousy, awful." For a language which contains no swear-words, Japanese can sound more hideous than any other I know. The pink dusk would see us marching back, bedraggled and blood-smeared.

But whatever the job and wherever it was, we still, at all times, had one means of asserting ourselves—we stole! Although it was universally accepted that in this pastime the Australians were without peers, the British were just as diligent and frequently achieved spectacular successes.

Grenades Smuggled In

Thus, though it was the Australians who stole the most food, it was the Pommies (British) who first stole drugs; though it was the Australians who brought in the first weapons—broken bayonets—it was the Pommies who, with typical British abandon, went the whole hog and blithely lined up for the usual search at the jail gates with hand-grenades resting in the curly hair under their various hats.

One of the earliest successes in this direction was the party who, working near a hospital, managed to "send off" (as the language of those days was for the verb "to steal") a large number of lumps of sulphur and several packages of something labelled $MgSO_4$. Anything labelled $MgSO_4$ must—the gentleman who sent it off thought—be extremely precious. He was extremely displeased, upon successfully passing all searchers and re-entering the jail, to be told by the medical officer, to whom he presented his treasure, that it was no more nor less than Epsom-salt. The M.O., however, was delighted both with the Mag. Sulph.—as he insisted upon calling the salt—and with the lumps of sulphur. He asked only that we acquire for him a grease which he could use as a base for the sulphur, to produce an ointment.

Next day, accordingly, three ten-pound tins of British Army mosquito repellant were sent off. Thus equipped, the doctor, his hospital in our courtyard littered with dysentery patients and his medical parades attended daily by a long queue, set to work.

All internal complaints were treated with Epsom-salt; all external complaints—work party injuries, battle wounds or skin diseases that ranged from tinea to scabies—were smeared with sulphur set in a base of mosquito cream. This latter, when applied to a raw patch, produced the most lively results, highly diverting for those who still awaited their treatment. It was known, unlovingly, to the inhabitants of Pudu as Hell-Fire Ointment and produced no cures whatsoever.

The problem of dysentery, the M.O., a young New Zealander, attacked with decision and courage. The death rate was now so high that his violent methods seemed justifiable. He put all dysentery sufferers on to a liquid diet—rice gruel and the juice of a few boiled sweet potato leaves which grew outside the jail—and flushed them out violently with doses of Epsom-salt.

It must have taken great strength of mind to deny starving men any solid food and then to shatter their weakened frames with the explosive qualities of concentrated $MgSO_4$. He did it, however, and quite a few of those who had seemed to be dying survived.

Quite a few, however, did not. The hospital in those early days was a shambles—in spite of the tireless efforts of the few orderlies. In between the patients squatted their friends, murmuring encouragement and brushing off the flies. And every now and then a low moan would presage that pool of black blood which meant that a man's bowels had burst and his life gone.

Pommies Suffered Most

It was weeks before the liquid-diet-cum-salt campaign slowed this flood of death to the trickle that endured right through the last six months in Pudu jail. Distressingly, the toll in those days fell almost entirely on the British.

This, perhaps, was not surprising. Hundreds of Argylls and Leicesters had been almost dead from starvation and fever when, after weeks of refuge (from the time of the battle at Slim River), they had eventually been captured. Nor is anyone from the United Kingdom as hardened to the heat as the Australian.

Then one day the impossible happened—an Australian died! To overcome our spiritual malaise at this blow, and to reassert our national pride, we resolved to face it out with as elaborate a funeral as we could contrive.

By borrowing almost every inch of clothing in the jail, we managed to line both sides of the path with men who wore shirts, shorts, socks and boots. All 130-odd Australians stood there at attention; behind them the English and Scottish troops. Four friends bore the coffin up the path.

The moment should have had dignity. Unfortunately, however, it was impossible not to observe that the coffin was only a crude plank crate; that the shrunken body inside rocked grotesquely; and that the stench of decomposition—so swift in that climate—was most pronounced. All dignity was gone. As I resolved that never in my life would I go to another funeral, the Japanese guard at the main gate stood up, saluted and bowed to the passing cortège.

NEXT WEEK: The first—and last—escape bid from Pudu jail

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Real Magic

EVERY man is a magician, for the secret of magic is to be found in the will. Anyone with determination can say, "It shall be" and watch his idea take shape and become a reality.

That is magical power, and we can all practise this White Magic.

But as well as producing goodness and beauty, we can produce evil and misery. That is Black Magic, and we should avoid it like the plague.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

With his security officers, Fish (in civilian clothes) examines his biggest worry: mail bags. They may contain circulars—or diamonds

One of Fish's men seals a valuable package, watched by the export cargo officer. Some crooks have been smart enough to forge seals

"Flying" Fish, airline detective

by DON EVERITT

There's plenty of loot in an airliner, and many light fingers eager to steal it. Stopping them is the job of Donald Fish and his world police force in miniature

AN AIRLINER DELIVERED TO Sydney, Australia, a sack supposedly containing a parcel of watches worth around £2,000. The sack, which was sealed, was put in the airport strongroom. A week later the consignee came to collect the parcel and clear it through the Customs. But when he opened it there were no watches to be cleared. Though the parcel was correctly labelled, all that it contained were bundles of army publications, which should have been unloaded at Singapore. Somewhere along a 9,000-mile journey from London the publications had been substituted.

Within half an hour a priority cable was humming from Sydney to London—to the chief of the B.O.A.C. security branch, Donald Fish. In it was evidence which seemed to pinpoint the crime conclusively. The metal seal on the steel band surrounding the parcel bore the code letter F—for London. This indicated that the army documents had been re-labelled and falsely sealed as precious cargo *before* the flight began.

Fish, taking the precaution of sending for the exhibits, immediately carried out a full-scale investigation at the airport. But, after a week's work, he had got nowhere.

By then, the seal, banding, parcel and sack had arrived back in London and he had checked them to his own satisfaction. As a last resort, he now let the forensic scientists examine them. They discovered that the code letter, which is normally embossed on the underside of the seal with a punch, was a near-perfect forgery.

This sent the investigators 5,000 miles back along the route to Karachi, where all valuable freight is bagged and sealed again as an additional precaution. Since the theft was obviously an "inside job"—all precious cargo is put in the strongroom or bond at overnight stopping places—Fish's assistant soon arrested four men. And in a few days all but five of the watches were recovered from shops in Karachi and Lahore.

"The advantages of air travel are our disadvantages," Fish says. "As any detective will tell you, time, distance and speed are highly important factors in solving crimes. In the air they are all against you."

His Beat Is The World

Fish is a tall, angular man in greying middle-age who has considerable experience of crime. For twenty-six years before 1939 he was at Scotland Yard. During the war he was seconded to M.I.5. Today, from a neat little office in Airways House, on London's Great West Road, he controls a world police force in miniature. He and his staff—"a real flying squad"—cover beats several thousand miles long, criss-crossing the world from Montreal to Hongkong. Along them he is responsible for the safety of B.O.A.C.'s installations and aircraft, the freight and mail, and the passengers' luggage.

Airlines are a particularly attractive medium for the smart and ambitious thief. Firms who deal in small, highly valuable goods have come to favour air transport because of its speed and convenience. Every year the aircraft of the two British corporations, B.O.A.C. and B.E.A., carry considerable quantities of nylons, precious stones, gold, scarce medical drugs like streptomycin, and other valuable goods.

"The biggest problem in this job," says Fish, "is that a clever crime is often not discovered until the aircraft reaches its terminus. With the time at many transit stops cut to a minimum, and men swarming over the aircraft refuelling and so on, a theft may have occurred at any one of half a dozen or more places."

Some time ago, the airport at Accra, on the Gold Coast, reported that twelve watches had been stolen from a box sent from Geneva. Wax seals which had been put on the box had been intact when it had arrived, but all that had been inside were a few stones. From this it appeared that the watches had been taken before the seals had been put on. But, at Geneva, Fish found that the box had not been wax-sealed at all. The thief had put the seals on as a blind and to cover up the damage he had done.

This left Rome, Tripoli and Accra as suspect, and the only clues a handful of very ordinary stones. Fish sent them to the Geological Survey. They reported that on some of the stones were pieces of cement, and embedded in the cement were curious minute shells which could have come only from the Mediterranean. But which side of the Mediterranean the scientists could not say.

With the co-operation of Interpol, the international police organization in Paris, Fish next sent the stones to geologists in Rome. They reported that the shells were found only on the

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stream was carrying him, and he saw what he was about to do.

"No," he said aloud in the darkness, "no, that is madness." Yet in that moment he had recognized the demand and knew that he would submit to it. All his human weakness, his casuistry and his common sense, rose up to betray him and turn him from his work.

It resolved into an argument between the two Avrils, conducted politely but vigorously, as though between two old brothers who had lived together amicably for a long time.

"My dear fellow," protested the wise prelate in him, reasonably, "this is one of those cases when no single human being must interfere. If you go down and attempt to talk to that wretched boy alone tonight, he will kill you as he has killed four other people, and it will be suicide on your part and murder on his. Besides, what good could it possibly do?"

"I do not know," replied the essential Avril, who was shrinking and mindless and without existence save in obedience. "I only know that events have so arranged themselves that I have no choice."

"Listen," said the practical man in him, "telephone Inspector Luke. Do it now. He is the professional man whose job this is. It's not your job to talk to this boy—and why on earth should he listen to you now? You are the last person to have any influence over him. Do you remember when you caught him alone in the church mocking the service, and how, after you had watched and made certain it was not innocent naughtiness but intentional sacrilege, you put him across your knee? That boy is of Evil. He was of Evil as a babe. Deliver yourself from it while you can. There is a telephone in this room put there for your salvation. Use it. You don't have to remember a number, even. Ask for the police and go on asking until you get Luke."

And then, as he still stood irresolute, his reason became cunning.

"At least take a sensible precaution," it said. "Get hold of Luke and tell him to meet you in the church in half an hour. He may come sooner, but that will not be your fault. Leave the rest to providence, but do telephone now."

Avril moved over to the telephone in the dark. It was an extension from the main instrument in the hall and had been put in during the war for A.R.P. purposes.

He was greatly troubled and he took off the receiver unhappily.

The complete silence over the wire comforted him. He was, of course, the one person in the house who had not been informed that all extensions had been disconnected, on Luke's instructions, and that only Sergeant Picot's phone worked.

He took the silence as confirmation. He dialled, but there was no answering buzz, and he sighed and hung up.

"There, you see," he said to himself, "I was quite right. I thought so."

He went quietly out of the room and down the corridor.

Picot's snores were loud in the hall and the canon let himself out quietly so that he should not wake the weary

"So you've got a washing machine, too, have you?"

man. The fog was clearing rapidly and he could just discern the tulip tree in the square. No one was about. The detective on duty outside had only that moment entered the kitchen to call his opposite number, and for the first time that night the coast seemed to be clear.

Avril was unaware of all this. He walked like a child amid the pitfalls, climbed the stairs to the avenue and passed round under the high wall to the church gate, crossed the paved yard in absolute darkness without stumbling, and made his way to the vestry door.

It was unlocked and it opened with the quietness of recently oiled hinges and let him into the blackness inside. He was physically frozen and his heart thumped in his breast, but deep within him he was still very quiet, very happy, very much at peace.

His long robe brushed against the woodwork of the vestry wall and he pushed open the inner door and stepped into the misty darkness of the great building, sweet with the dry scent of paper and flowers, and paused and looked round into the dusk.

"Johnny Cash," he said in exactly the same voice which he had used so many years before, "come out."

THE beam of Havoc's torch cut through the darkness like a blade and found Avril where he was standing in the side aisle. For an instant it trembled there, transfixed. Then recollecting his dressing-gown for once in his life, the old man pushed back his hood and let the light play on his face.

"Come down, my boy," he said in the slightly schoolmasterish tone he always used when he wanted something done quickly. "There's nothing there for you at all."

As soon as he spoke and his voice was recognized, the beam shot away

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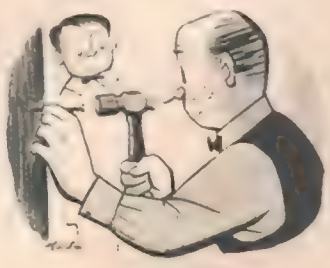

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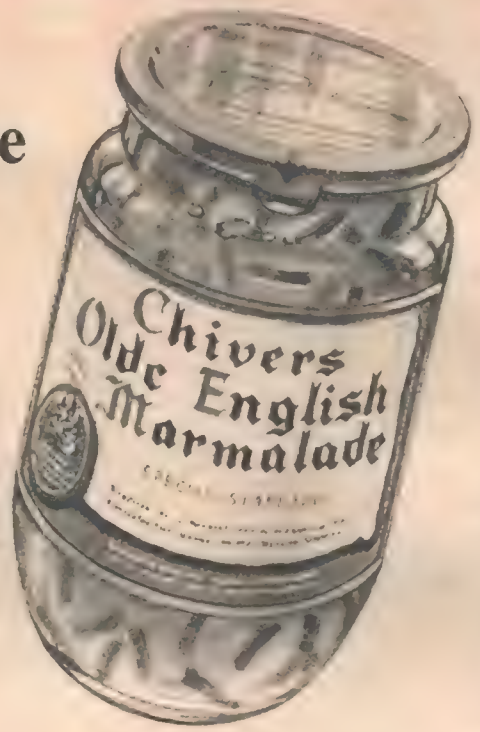

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from him and sped to explore the entrances one after the other. It was a series of startled glances seeking out a trap, but the blank doors, baize-lined with red, stood steady and the silence was absolute.

Meanwhile, during one of the flashes, Avril had noticed a pew beside him, and now he felt for it and seated himself, folding his hands in his lap. His body was afraid and its trembling embarrassed him a little, but his mind was peaceful, relieved and extraordinarily content. He felt at home in the church, as he always did, and presently he cleared his throat with a loud pre-Litany "Hur-ump!"

"Shut up!" The whisper was the most violent sound the old building had ever heard within its walls. The torch beam died like a falling tape and in the darkness there was a scuffling, light footsteps on polished wood, and then silence again.

After it had lasted a fraction too long, the shaft of light reappeared to dart round the entrances again. It leapt from one to the other suspiciously, waiting, going out and reappearing in the same place, finding nothing. The building remained silent and deserted.

The soft laugh when it came at last had so much relief in it that it was almost gay. It astonished Avril because it was so close to him, but although there was sweat on his forehead he did not feel alarmed.

"You're alone." The whisper had incredulity in it as well as amusement.

"Of course I am," said Avril testily and reaped the habitual truth-teller's only reward.

"You've telephoned, though. You've put out a warning." The man had ceased to whisper, although he spoke very softly. The voice was more mature than when Avril remembered it, but it still aroused the uneasiness in him which it had always done. It was a false voice, every true thing in it hidden rather cheaply.

"No," he said, thanking his stars that he had been protected from making that mistake and so could answer. "No. No one knows that you and I are here."

"You —— old fool." The monstrous adjective was so uncleanly that it passed over Avril's head. Either his ears actually rejected it or he did not believe them. He made room beside him in the dark.

"Come and sit down," he said.

No immediate reply came, only light movement so soft that it could have been no more than the scurry of a rat over the tiles, and when the voice spoke again it was behind him.

"This'll do me best." And then, in the artificial wide-boy idiom which the canon found so unpleasing, "What's the big idea, Padre? Not prodigal son stuff, surely?"

All the worst in Avril rose up at the approach and he might have failed at that first hazard, but he kept his temper and his perceptions and he smelt, creeping to him through the scent of the paper and the flowers, the one odour which every animal, human or otherwise, recognizes the first time it assails him. Avril smelt fear.

With it came a portrait of the boy as he remembered him at fifteen, and as he had half fancied he had just discerned him under the hard shadows and unrevealing highlights of the police photograph. He saw again the same disfiguring stamp of tragedy on the young face, with the short upper lip and the flat eyes, blue as gentians but with nothing behind them.

On the run. The horror of the reality shut out every other thought in his mind.

"You must be so tired," he said.

The mutter in the blackness was too soft for him to catch. He became aware of astonishment and mistrust and rising anger, not in himself but behind him. The man was very close.

"What exactly are you playing at?"

The question only just reached him, it was so quiet, but its menace was unmistakable.

"Ma said you *knew* this afternoon when you came round to her, and she swore you'd never let on. We didn't risk it. We made her get us another place. But I came back because I remember you used to hide things in here. . . ."

"Not hide," protested Avril. "Keep."

"Quiet. Where do you think we are—in the middle of a wood? What are you up to, coming in here to find me alone? You're not trying to save my soul, by any chance?"

"Oh, no." Avril gave the little grunting laugh which showed that he was genuinely amused. "My dear boy, I couldn't do that. The soul is one's own affair from the beginning to the end. No one else can interfere with that."

"Then for God's sake," said the agonized voice behind him, "why the hell did you come?"

"I don't know," said Avril, and struggled on, making the truth as clear as he could. "All I can tell you is, that greatly against my will I had to. All today every small thing has conspired to bring me here. I have known something like it to happen before, and I believe that if I have not been misled by some stupidity or weakness of my own, I shall see why eventually."

To his amazement, the explanation, which to himself sounded utterly inadequate and unsatisfactory, appeared to be understood. Behind him he heard the man catch his breath.

"That's it," said Havoc and his voice was natural. "That's it. The same thing happened to me. Do you know what that is, you poor old bletherer? That's the Science of Luck. It works every time."

Now it was Avril's turn to understand and he was frightened out of his wits.

"The Science of Luck," he said cautiously. "You watch, do you? That takes a lot of self-discipline."

"Of course it does, but it's worth it. I watch everything, all the time. I'm one of the lucky ones. I've got the gift. I watch for every opportunity and I never do the soft thing. That's why I succeed."

Avril was silent for a long time. "It is the fashion," he said at last. "You've been reading the Frenchmen, I suppose? Or no, no, perhaps you haven't. How absurd of me."

"Don't blether." The voice, stripped of all its disguises, was harsh and naïve. "You always blethered. What do you know about the Science of Luck? Have you ever heard of it before?"

"Not under that name."

"I don't suppose you have. That's my name for it. What's it's real name?"

"The Pursuit of Death."

There was a pause. Curiosity, fear, impatience bristled behind Avril. He could feel them.

"It's a known thing, then?"

"You did not discover it, my son."

"No, I suppose not." He was hesitating, a torn and wasted tiger, but still inquisitive. "You've got it right, have you? You have to watch for your chances and then you must never go

"Yes, I did say all that about you, Polly—but I didn't say it was *true*!"

soft, not once, not for a minute. You mustn't even think soft. Once you're soft you muck everything, lose your place, and everything goes against you. I've proved it. Keep realistic and you get places fast, everything falls right for you, everything's easy. Is that it?"

"That is it," said Avril humbly. "It is easier to fall downstairs than to climb up. *Facilis decensus Averni.*"

"What are you talking about?"

"The Science of Luck." Avril bent his head. "The staircase has turns, the vine climbs a twisted path, the river runs a winding course. If a man watches he can see the trend and he can go either way."

"Then you know it? Why are you soft?"

"Because I do not want to die. A man who pitches himself down a spiral staircase on which all his fellows are climbing up may injure some of them, but, my dear fellow, it's nothing to the damage he does to himself, is it?"

"You're crazy! You're on to a big thing; you can see what I see, and you won't profit by it."

AVRIL turned round in the dark. "Evil, be thou my good—that is what you have discovered. It is the only sin which cannot be forgiven because when it has finished with you, you are not there to forgive. On your journey you certainly 'get places.' Naturally; you have no opposition. But in the process you die. The man who is with you when you are alone is dying. Fewer things delight him every day. If you attain the world, you cannot give him anything that will please him. In the end there will be no one with you."

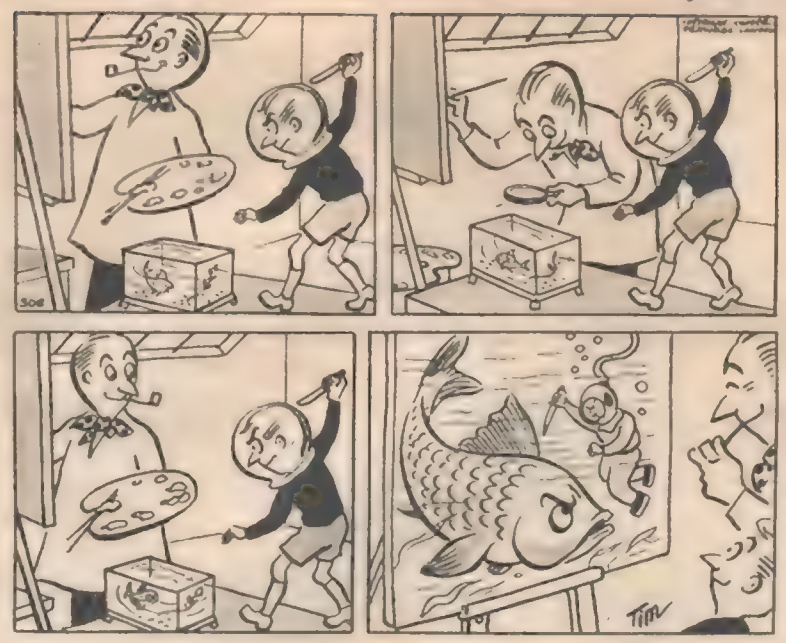
"You mad old——"

Old Avril went on steadily. "Suppose you had got to Ste. Odile—that place near St. Malo."

"Where?" The sudden eagerness did not warn the canon and he went on steadily.

"Ste. Odile-sur-Mer. Supposing you had got there and uncovered treasure worth a king's ransom. Do you think that you would then become somebody

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



else? Do you believe that this weary, unsatisfied child who is with you when you are alone would not go with you then? What could you buy for him to make him happy?"

Havoc was not listening. "Is that the name of the house or the village?"

"Both. But you must put that out of your mind. Geoffrey Levett has gone there tonight."

"Has he? By sea?"

"Yes. But the fog is lifting. He will be there by tomorrow or the day after." Avril threw away the information impatiently. "You must forget that. That is over. The ports are watched and you are hunted, my boy. Now is your last chance to think of yourself."

Havoc laughed aloud. "Got it!" he said. "The Science of Luck—it's done it again. See how it's worked? That's why I came back, see? See what we're doing, you and me?"

"Passing on the stairs," said Avril, "rather near the bottom." And he sighed.

"You cut that out." The hand was on his shoulder. "You're nuts. You've told me the only thing I want to know, and I came to hear it. You don't even know why you came."

"But I do." Avril was quietly obstinate. "I came to tell you something which is perhaps more obvious to me than to anyone else whom you may meet."

"You came to tell me to go soft. I should say so. You silly old fool. You go home to bed and——"

His voice died abruptly. In the silence the chill grew so intense that it was painful. Far above them the ghostly figures on the windows had begun to take shape as the morning light began to strengthen.

The long fingers closed round the bones of Avril's shoulders and the trembling force of the man shook his whole body.

"Look. Swear. Swear it on anything, anything you like. Swear you'll keep quiet."

THE canon saw the temptation into which he was led. "Oh," he said wearily, "you know as well as I do that for us who watch there can be no half turns. I can swear and you can let me go, but as soon as I am gone what will you think? Will you feel confident or will you think you have been soft? If you do, and you come to grief, as soon you must, you will blame that one act and will go down believing. That is no good, John. The time has come when you must make a full turn or go on your way."

"You fool, you fool, what are you doing? Do you want it? Are you asking for it?" The boy was weeping in his weary rage and the tears fell on Avril. The old man felt the agony of them and was helpless.

"I want very much to stay alive," he said. "Enormously. Much more than I could have believed."

"But you've done it, you've done it, you've put the doubt in my mind. I daren't. You know it. I daren't go soft."

Avril bent forward to put his head in his hands. His resignation was complete.

"I cannot help you," he said. "Our gods are within us. We choose our own compulsions. Our souls are our own."

He had reached the end of his secret prayer when the torch blazed and the knife struck him.

The fact that he felt it at all was significant. For the first time Havoc's hand was doubting, and because of that it had lost some of its cunning.

To be concluded next week

GRANDMA AND THE GODLY HAMISH

Continued from page 16

the letter from my mother's hand. "The cheek of you, Jessie Mackinley! Have you no respect for the privacy of others?"

"But, Mamma, you told me to read it."

"I told you to read it, aye, but I expected you to use a little ordinary discretion, too." Grandma stuffed the letter in the pocket of her skirt. "I'll read it myself when I go up." She watched her flying needles for a little. "I wonder," she said musingly, "did he ever marry?"

My mother looked at her quickly. "Why, Mamma? What does that matter?"

"I didn't say it mattered," said Grandma. "And I didn't say it didn't."

My mother was looking definitely worried now. "Mamma, you surely don't mean that you'd consider marrying again?"

"What way not?" demanded Grandma. "It's an ill thing for a woman to live alone, and a braw couthie lad like Hamish might do me fine for my lonely old age."

My mother's tongue gave a little click of vexation. The truth was that in spite of—or perhaps because of—certain little peculiarities of character, Grandma was very dear to her children and was hardly ever alone. "But, Mamma," she persisted, "you don't really know him now, and I don't have to tell you that sailors are apt to be on the rowdy side."

"Not Hamish," said Grandma firmly. "There was never a more godly lad came out of Auchterfenty. His father was beadle in the kirk and he raised his twelve children to be upright, God-fearin' Christian men and women. . . . But I was thinkin', Jessie: I'd do better to have him come here instead of Ardrach. Then he could stay a day or two."

My mother gasped and groped for words. "But, Mamma. . . ." She stopped short.

"Aye?" Grandma was watching her. "But what?"

"I meant, Mamma, wouldn't it be better to see what he's like before you ask him to stay?"

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said Grandma. "The boy is father to the man and there's no doubt what he'll 'be like. Either come out with it and tell me my friends are not welcome here or hold your tongue."

My mother sighed then and gave up. Grandma's invitation to her girlhood sweetheart went off in the next post.

The reply came on the next Friday. This time Grandma guarded the letter carefully from our eyes, but we were allowed to know that Captain Macgregor would be with us the next day and, for my mother's benefit, that he was still single.

FOUR o'clock the next afternoon found me engaged, ostensibly, in whipping my top on the pavement in front of the house, but actually watching for Captain Macgregor. Then I beheld a strange figure approaching me from the direction of town. It was a man with a close-cropped grey beard and untidy moustache, above which protruded an enormous beak of a nose. A battered bowler perched on his shock of grizzled hair and he wore a coarse seaman's jersey and sea boots. Under his arm he carried a canvas kitbag.

"Tell me," he said, looking down at me with eyes that contrived to be bold yet somehow sly. "Whaur does Mr. Robert Mackinley live?"

Wondering, I pointed to the house. "In there," I said.

"There!" The eyes squinted through the poplars in the front garden. "Man, he must be weel aff."

I didn't know about that. "He's my father," I said.

"Yer faither?" He turned. "Then you'll be Lizzie's grandson?"

The impossible truth came to me then. "You—you're not Captain Macgregor?"

"Aye, but I am, laddie. Jist that. Captain Hamish Macgregor of the good ship *Highland Maid*."

"Is it a liner?" I said.

"A liner!" His voice scorned the idea. "Nane o' yer liners for Hamish Macgregor. Ye micht as weel run an hotel as a liner. No, laddie, she's a steam puffer, an' one o' the cosiest wee boats ye ever laid eyes on."

A steam puffer! I thought disappointedly. Hundreds of times I had seen them crawling about the Clyde, dirty little cargo boats with crews of three or four. "Grandma thought it was a liner," I said.

"Did she, noo? Weel, I'll awa' in an' break the guid news tae her."

I followed him along the gravel pathway to the front door. It opened as we got to the steps, and Grandma stood before us, resplendent in black bombazine, her best jet brooch at her throat.

"What's this, Duncan?" she said testily, eyeing my companion with cold disfavour. "If he's beggin' take him round to the back door."

"Guidness me!" said the captain in a voice of awe, removing his bowler. "This is never Lizzie?"

Grandma's eyes flashed, and then I saw something like shock come into her face. "It can't be," she said disbelievingly. "It can't be."

The captain chuckled. "Aye, but it can, Lizzie."

"You mean to tell me you're Hamish Macgregor?"

"Nane other. Would ye no' have kent me?"

Grandma recovered suddenly. "I might," she said tartly, "if you'd stopped at the barber's on the way here."

The captain laughed easily and replaced his bowler. "Same auld Lizzie. Ye were aye a lass o' spirit. But ye've changed yersel'. It's a fine figure o' a woman ye've become, Lizzie."

Behind Grandma, in the hall, I heard my father give a strangled cough. Grandma heard, too. Spots of colour on her lean cheeks, she stood back from the door.

"Well, you're here," she said grudgingly, "so I suppose you might as well come in."

"Thanky." Apparently unconscious of any lack of warmth in his welcome, the captain stepped into the hall. His kitbag slipped to the floor and he removed the battered bowler and placed it tenderly on the hall table. "An' who's this bonnie lass?" he said, grinning at my mother.

"My daughter, Jessie," said Grandma tonelessly. "Captain Macgregor, Jessie."

The captain returned my mother's bow with a tug at his forelock. "A credit tae ye, Lizzie," he said. "An' no' unlike ye when ye were younger."

"Maybe. And this is my goodson, Robert Mackinley."

"Put it there, Robert," said the captain with vast geniality, and offered my father a huge and far from immaculate hand. "Ony connection o' Lizzie's is a friend o' mine."

"Thank you, Captain," my father said gravely, and then winced as his fingers were seized in a crushing grip.

The maid was hovering in the background. My mother turned to her. "Mary, please show Captain Macgregor to his room. . . . Tea in fifteen minutes, Captain."

"Noo ye're talkin'!" said the captain with enthusiasm and swooped on his kitbag. "I'm no' gutsy, but when it comes tae eatin', Jessie, I'm yer man."

There was silence in the hall as he followed Mary up the stairway. Then, as they disappeared around the landing, my mother turned to Grandma.

"Good heavens, Mamma! And this is your godly Hamish!"

Grandma stiffened, her eyes sparkling. "That'll do you, Jessie. Just because he's a wee thing on the spirited side is no reason to sneer at him."

"I'm not sneering, Mamma. But you

2,000,000 a day!

So many of these chocolates are eaten . . . they're so very popular, thanks to those lovely centres . . . and the full-cream milk chocolate that covers them so thickly.

See how thick — how extra thick — the milk chocolate covering really is!

"More please"

How well he knows that Scott's is the creamiest porridge. ***And how right you are*** to give him Scott's for breakfast. So nourishing; so economical too — you can easily afford to give him that second helping.

can see as well as I can that he's coarse and forward and impertinent—impossible!"

I saw my father's nudge of warning, but the damage was already done. Grandma's mouth had narrowed to a thin, obstinate line.

"No doubt you're made of finer dust, Jessie," she said icily, "but he suits *me* well enough." She wheeled away and marched into the sitting-room and slammed the door.

Speaking strictly for myself, that evening was a most enjoyable one. The captain, it soon developed, was a "lad o' pairts." At both tea and dinner he displayed a positive virtuosity as a feeder, and even my father, who was no mean trencherman, watched with awe the vast quantities of sustenance that disappeared behind the heavy fringe of moustache.

But it was in the sitting-room after dinner that his real talents began to emerge. With a self-assurance that was as complete as it was unwarranted, he undertook to entertain us with dubious accounts of his adventures on the deep, and then, with no prompting at all, switched to song, which he illustrated with a wealth of graphic gesture.

"Hoo did that suit ye, Robert?" he said, as he finished a touching ballad about a boy who, dying on the field of battle, relives the scenes of his childhood.

"Remarkable, Captain," said my father. "A great feat."

"Aye," agreed the captain, "but if I had a drap or twa I could lift ye richt oot o' yer seat. But there," he added, as my father shook his head, "I'm just tellin' ye, no' askin'."

Through all this, Grandma had been silent, grim and withdrawn. Now she spoke. "Drap or twa, indeed! Hamish Macgregor, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

The captain looked at her uneasily, and then forced a grin. "Ach, it was jist a joke, Lizzie. I niver touch the stuff."

"I hope not," said Grandma without conviction. "Tell me, Hamish—do you have a suit of clothes?"

The captain's bushy eyebrows lifted in surprise. "What way do ye ask, Lizzie?"

"Because tomorrow's the Sabbath and you'll need something decent for kirk."

"Kirk!" The captain seemed slightly taken aback. He subsided into a chair and rubbed his beard.

LATE that night an earache wakened me, and my mother had to get up and put laudanum drops in my ear. In the morning it was still paining slightly, so it was decided that I should stay home. To my joy, the captain said he would stay, too. He had been sneezing most of the night, he said, and he didn't want to give the whole congregation a cold. Grandma gave him a long look, but she said nothing.

When the others left, the captain, at ease in my father's armchair, produced a stubby clay pipe and began to fill it. "Weel, laddie," he said, "an' hoo do

"I say, Ma, do you remember the black dog that Willie gave me? Well, he's white!"

ye propose tae pass the Sabbath?"

"I've got a book of Bible stories," I said. "I could get you one, too, if you like."

"Na, na." He shook his head. "I dinna haud wi' Bible stories. The Bible itsel' is guid enough." His eyes moved questingly around the room. "A braw big hoose like this," he said, marvellingly, "an no' a drap o' whusky in sight."

"We don't have whisky," I said. "It's bad for you."

"Aye, terrible." He shuddered. "But awful' guid medicine."

"For colds and the like," I said.

He looked at me quickly. "That's jist why I mentioned it." He put a hand on his middle. "I'm sair distressed," he groaned. "Collywobbles, they ca' it. Fair torture an' nae cure for it but a drap or twa. Whaur does yer fairther keep the whus—medicine?"

"In his room," I said. "But I'm not allowed to touch it."

"An' richtly so," said the captain with approval. "Ye're ower young yet for that. But there's an exception tae everythin', so awa' ye, like a good laddie, an' get it for me."

I hesitated. Not even my mother would have mercy on me if it were discovered that I had handled the whisky bottle. Then, as the captain groaned again, fear for him seized me and I got up and ran upstairs.

He was watching the doorway expectantly when I got back.

"Here." I twisted the cork from the almost full bottle and thrust it at him. "I'll get you a teaspoon."

"A teaspoon!" His moustache blew out. "Wad ye droon me? Naw, laddie, I'll just tak' a wee nip an' see if it does me guid." He raised the bottle and poured down about a cupful. "Whoosh!" he said, and licked his moustache. "The real auld mountain dew."

I held out my hand. "I'd better put the bottle back now," I said nervously.

"Haud on, noo." He drew it away from me. "We better wait a wee an' see does it ease me."

I stood waiting anxiously as he sat sucking contentedly at his pipe. It didn't seem to me now that he could be very sick, but he was a grown-up, and grown-ups, I believed then, were above deceit or subterfuge. The minutes slid by and at last my mounting tension broke in speech. "Is it not better yet?" I said.

"A wee thing, mebbe. I'll just try another touch an' see does that do the trick."

Again he tipped the bottle and drank at length.

Spots of colour were burning on his hairy cheeks now, and it seemed to me that his eyes had grown heavy. Oh, he *was* sick, I thought, as I stood twirling the cork between my fingers. But, sick or not, I had to get that bottle back to my father's room.

"Will I take the bottle now?" I said, when I had waited another endless five minutes.

He looked at me drowsily and then lifted the bottle and sucked at it again. His eyes closed and he leaned back in the chair. "I'll let ye know," he said thickly.

"But when?" I said, at the end of my patience.

He chuckled hoarsely. "When the bottle's empty."

And then, with shock, I knew what his trouble was and saw how he had tricked me. I snatched the bottle from his hand and, corking it, ran from the room.

I returned the sadly depleted bottle to my father's closet and, with trepidation, went back to the sitting-room. But the captain was just as I had left him, except that he was asleep now, his bearded jaw hanging loose. Thankful to have the danger safely over, I got my book of Bible stories and sat down to wait for the others to come home.

The captain was still sleeping peacefully when I heard the front door open. Voices murmured in the hall and then the sitting-room door opened and Grandma, followed by my parents, came in.

"Well, I never!" She stopped short and stared at the captain, her heavy black brows lowering. "Did he not get his sleep last night?" She raised her voice. "Hamish!" The captain slept on. Grandma then went over and shook him. "Hamish! Wake up, man!"

The captain's eyelids rose from dull, unfocused eyes; then, as Grandma shook him again, they lifted to her face. "Lizzie!" he said, and grinned slackly. "Ma bonnie, bonnie lass! Gie's a kiss."

Grandma's breath drew in sharply, and for a little the room was filled by an awful silence.

"Drunk!" Grandma's voice came, high with shock and disgust. "The miserable gomeral! Drunk! And on the Lord's Day!"

Her face crimson with anger, Grandma seized a handful of his hair and shook him like a rag doll. "You keeley blackguard! Get out of that chair! And out of this house! I'll put up with a lot for old time's sake, but I'll have no dealin's with drunkards and Sabbath-breakers."

She released him, and the captain, feeling tenderly at his mistreated scalp, lurched from his chair. Suddenly, he was considerably more sober. "Noo, haud on, Lizzie," he said in an injured voice. "The laddie'll tell ye himsel'—I was taken poorly an'——"

"Away!" Her eyes blazing, Grandma pointed to the door. "Pack your bag, you low scunnersome creature, and get out of my sight!"

And as the captain shuffled from the room, I wished unhappily that I might go with him. . . .

THE hearing took place in the sitting-room immediately after the captain's departure. A guilty and fearful wretch, I stood with downcast eyes and explained the why and wherefore of my sinning. There was silence when I had finished, and I looked up and saw that my parents were having trouble keeping their faces straight. It dawned on me then that, actually, I had done them a great favour and that a leathering was unlikely.

"I will admit, Duncan," my father said with an attempt at sternness, "that your intentions were good, but the fact remains that you disobeyed me, and what I should do, therefore, is give you a good thrashing."

Grandma wheeled on him, her eyes sparkling. "Better thrash yourself, Robert Mackinley," she snapped. "You, our natural protector, were totally blind to the evil of this stranger within your gate, but the Lord saw fit to open your eyes. The laddie was only the instrument in His hand." She turned on me. "I see," she said, "that you're truly penitent. I'll no handle money on the Lord's Day—except for kirk—but tomorrow sixpence goes into your money box."

My father, I am glad to say, hadn't so many religious scruples. I found his sixpence in my pocket that afternoon.

THE END

CASE OF THE MADNESS BREAD

Continued from page 15

in to face the magistrate. He stuck to his story that he had baked in the normal way on the Thursday evening. He admitted that the flour was not absolutely first-rate—it was coarse and slightly discoloured—but at that time of year, he said, it was to be expected. To his surprise, the bread came from the ovens beautifully white and crisp. "It was the last thing I had bargained for," he said.

With accumulating evidence, it became clear that Briand had not been the only baker to use infected flour on the night of the sixteenth; M. Josserand, another baker, had borrowed two sacks of flour from Briand some days previously. He had used one, but had returned the other to Briand before the sixteenth.

Yet none of Josserand's customers had been poisoned. Here was the first of the many puzzling questions about the flour which were to emerge—and remain unanswered—during the next few days. Doctors and police were spattered with questions. "We know nothing yet," was all they could answer. "We must wait. Go home and rest."

Few people listened to their counsel. Every hour brought a story more startling than the last. It was reported that dogs, cats, pigs and poultry were being found dead or dying on the farms. A ferryman said he had seen a packet of bread lying in the river, surrounded by dead and swollen fish. Night came to a troubled and sleepless town.

On Tuesday morning fresh supplies of flour arrived in the town and the re-opening of the bakeries—except that of Roch Briand—was announced for the next day. There had been fifteen new cases of "madness" during the night. The long hall of the Hôtel-Dieu was lined with stretchers awaiting evacuation to the city hospitals; the ambulances felt their way up and down the narrow streets.

Pont-Saint-Esprit is a small town, and the civic buildings are clustered in a restricted space. The crowds that were gathering in increasing numbers could not help seeing the delirious being lifted to the ambulances, or carried to the infirmary. It often happened that the sight of someone being held down by the nurses or strapped to a stretcher by the police was the first intimation many had of the sickness of a relative or friend.

This distressing visual evidence of the disease sharpened the mystery of its origin; demands for an official statement and for "justice" grew more vehement.

Faced with silence to the three questions it was asking—What is the epidemic? How is it caused? When can it be mastered?—the community gave currency to the wildest speculation.

The madness was due to the town's water, to modern harvesting machinery, to criminal negligence. Some said a foreign power was using the town for the test of a new weapon of bacteriological warfare. The orthodox blamed Stalin, the freethinkers the Pope. So fancy gorged on ignorance, and the cases multiplied.

A hundred miles to the south, Professor Ollivier of the police laboratory was feeding the poisoned bread to guinea-pigs and rabbits. He knew it might be days before his experiments could be useful.

Meanwhile, the local police had handed over the investigation to Commissioners Sigaud and Tarniquet, of the 14th Mobile Brigade of Montpellier. Their task was to trace the flour to the man who had milled it; he might be anywhere within a radius of 300 miles.

The experts were acting, fingering their theories and sounding their clues. But in Pont-Saint-Esprit, the reality remained. First madness, then death. It was a conjunction grim enough to shake the steadiest nerves.

By the evening of Wednesday the twenty-second, still without an official announcement, the town was in a state of almost hysterical anxiety.

NEXT WEEK: Madness spreads . . . and the culprit is found

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Budget Bombshell
Beyond The Stars
Worth Saving
Spring, The Magician
One Must Eat, So
Obsolete Machinery
Racing
Man At The Top
Fire And Fury
For The Love Of A Lady
On His Best Behaviour
Now Dad's Decorating
Trail Of Ruin
For A Mere Song
Just Sitting There
Isn't All Honey
Gilbert Harding
In An Armoured Car

Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions

Voice From The.....
Our Lodger's.....
On.....Shoulders
Their First.....
.....Apologized And
When.....Gets Going

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,824 (or Xword 776), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated March 29 and in JOHN BULL dated April 5), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. Collins, 7 Western Road, Winchester: WE'RE VERY PATIENT, BUT — *That* "BRITISH QUALITY'S" DETERIORATING. £10: W. Stevenson, 112 Turnberry Drive, Kilmarnock: GOOD DAY'S WORK — GIVE, WHILE *Freedom's* "BOSS"! £5: Miss M. Bailey, 30 Birch Terrace, Hr. Baxenden, Accrington: WON'T BE RUSHED—EUROPE—LATER, *Troops* RUSHED? £5: J. W. Morley, 6 Borrowell Terrace, Kenilworth: WHEN THE ARMISTICE COMES —KOREAN VETERANS AT *Chelsea*? £5: R. A. Oswald, 9 White Elm Street, Ipswich: WINSTON'S AXE—STUNNING CRITICS OF CRIPPS! £5: Mrs. E. Sharpe, 60 Swyncombe Avenue, Ealing W.5: HOW SHE MANAGES—MOTHERHOOD, MOTHER, ME — MASTERPIECE! £5: J. T. Taylor, 55 Hillside Road, Ackworth, near Pontefract: GOOD DAY'S WORK—FROM RUSSIAN *Foreman*, TOO!

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50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 776

1. You don't get much sober sense out of
2. To a great many it is suggestive of peace
5. A magnetic speaker can do this to atmosphere of a meeting
7. Sharpness is characteristic of these
9. Ardour sometimes makes one
12. Cruel one may make it difficult for a man to get on his feet again
13. When baby hurts itself, it's pretended that mother's kiss does this
14. It's natural to think of high temperature in connection with

Down Clues

1. Having a tiff may well suggest getting this
3. Good cookery book advises housewife what to
4. This gives one the best light
6. Should be combed regularly
8. Such wine isn't up to much
10. Indicates what games even poorest football team has reasonable hopes of winning
11. One's not at all astonished to find farmer working at this

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XWORD 771 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Slander. 4, Gait. 6, Cash. 7, Cad. 10, Poach. 12, Rain. 13, Snob. DOWN: 1, Store. 2, Drag. 3, Aitch. 5, Watch. 8, Whin. 9, Heir. 10, Pens. 11, Pun.

NINETEEN £100 SHARERS (entries differing at one point only from Competitors' Answers above): Mrs. A. Allcorn; A. Andrews; J. E. Brentnall; A. J. R. Cartwright; Mr. Cowmeadow; Mrs. E. Day; W. G. Fisher; W. Gourley; H. Grove; J. D. G. Hadden; E. Harvey; J. Heald; E. M. Nash; C. W. Parkman; Miss E. Passant; Mrs. G. M. Roberts; Miss E. Sankey; W. F. Sweet; R. Wood.

For entries differing at two points only, 229 entrants share awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up. No 2nd Runners-up Awards in this Contest, since total who would qualify (815) greatly exceeded the 500 limit.

ANNE SHELTON, SINGER WHO CAME BACK A STAR

Continued from page 17

manager, but marriage has to be fitted into a crowded schedule. Currently, the earliest chance of finding time for a honeymoon seems to be in the autumn of 1953.

Reid came into her life through a coincidence which is too extreme for a writer of heart-throb fiction to have invented, but which happens to be true. Anne toured all over the British Isles during the war, closely chaperoned by her mother, and a mid-winter's day in 1943 found them waiting forlornly on Crewe station for a train connection. A tall young naval lieutenant, looking extremely bad-tempered and humping his own kitbag, passed them and drew a cry of admiration from Anne.

"Ooh, look," her mother remembers her saying, "isn't he a smasher?"

For months afterwards, whenever friends or family teased her about not having a regular boy friend, she would say: "I'm waiting for my sailor." Two years passed, and Anne sang at a Naval concert near Portsmouth. Lieutenant Reid, in charge of concert arrangements, looked vaguely familiar, and Anne ventured to ask him if he had ever been to Crewe. "Only once," he said, "and I'll never forget it because I lost most of my gear on the station."

A mutual dredging of memories and checking of dates established that this was certainly the man Anne remembered. Unfortunately, he could not remember her, but he did have a vision of "a pretty girl in a creamy coat." It was her sister Eileen.

Official duties prevented Reid from hearing Anne sing, but Mrs. Shelton asked him to lunch in London on his next leave. A close friendship resulted, and when he left the Navy in 1946 he became Anne's business manager.

Life Of Good Luck

That things should have clicked so smoothly into place was no surprise to Anne, whose life has always been well supplied with good luck and happy coincidences. When she first announced, as a schoolgirl, that she intended to be a popular singer, her mother laughed and said mockingly: "With Harry Roy, I suppose."

"Oh, no," said Anne seriously. "I wouldn't sing with anyone but Ambrose." As Ambrose had the most fashionable dance band in the country, she was aiming high. But her chance came in 1940 with a B.B.C. talent-spotting programme. While she was still at a convent school, she attended an audition and was heard by Ambrose. Within a matter of days, she had left school to take up contracts with Ambrose, the B.B.C. and Decca.

In the light of this evidence that her daughter could earn money by singing, Mrs. Shelton stopped bantering and took to chaperoning Anne through the highways and byways of show business.

Since then, Mum's solid figure has always been in evidence, acting as protector, confidante and dresser. Unlike many stage mothers, Mrs. Shelton is a popular figure backstage. So is her daughter. Both of them are easygoing souls, full of charm, and happily insulated by success from the devious intrigues of the theatre world.

Her Irish Temper

When Anne's temper is roused, as occasionally it is if she thinks someone is trying to get the better of her, she can let fly with all the fury of her Irish ancestors, but such outbursts are rare.

Most of the time she goes to the theatre or studio half an hour before she is due, sits in her dressing-room placidly chatting with friends and relatives until she is wanted, then sings her songs and goes straight home. Her style of singing is as straightforward as her mode of life. She puts over a song in a rich, regular rhythm, with plenty of volume and a minimum of vocal tricks. She has never had any musical training, cannot read music, and learns a new song by listening to her pianist playing it over two or three times.

In America, she was approached by a musical arranger who had done special

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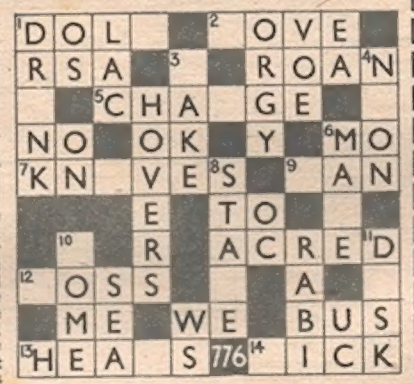
Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated March 22.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



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Puzzle and form strictly copyright **776** Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 10

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arrangements for many big Hollywood and radio stars. He offered to do some for her. "No, thanks," she said. "I like to sing a song the way the composer has written it."

In a profession where special arrangements are considered essential ingredients of success, such simplicity is revolutionary. On stage, she sings with the apparent artlessness of a girl singing for her own pleasure. But behind her artlessness lies an enviable technique and a keen perception of audience moods.

Sang After Bombing

She believes in hard work, and lets nothing interfere with professional engagements. During the war, when she was singing at the May Fair Hotel, she went home one night and was buried—along with the rest of her family—in the rubble of their house when it was demolished by bomb blast. After they had been rescued, Anne spent the day helping her family, then went back to the hotel that night and sang as though nothing had happened. "If your job is singing," she said, "you've got to sing."

A devout Catholic, who prays each night in her dressing-room before she goes on stage and offers thanks when she comes off, Anne sings frequently at church charity concerts, irrespective of religion. One of her most popular songs is "My Yiddisher Momma," which she has sung several times at Jewish charity concerts.

The most successful record she has ever made is "Lilli Marlene," which has sold more than 5,000,000 copies, and is still selling in Britain at the rate of a hundred a week.

It was chosen by the B.B.C. as her signature tune for a wartime series. Although the tune opened and closed her session, she was not allowed to sing it because a straight translation of the rather meaty German lyric was considered too indelicate for a young girl. Eventually a carefully sterilized version was prepared for her, and these were the words which made the song famous in the English-speaking world.

Diamonds Vanished

Press agents and theatrical managers find her one of the most co-operative people in the business. She will do anything within reason to publicise her show, and has regretted it only once.

In South Africa she agreed to appear in a commercial film about diamonds. Within five minutes of getting back to her hotel after handling diamonds worth a quarter of a million pounds, police were at her door asking about £10,000 worth of rough-cut diamonds that had vanished after the film had been made. Fortunately, they were not among those she had handled.

"They didn't arrest me," Anne said, "but they never found the diamonds, so I suppose the Johannesburg police have still got my name in their file of unsolved crimes."

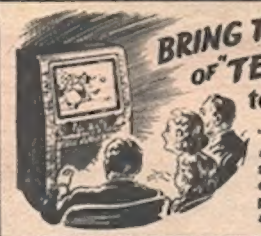
While she was in South Africa, she was heard by a touring vice-president of the American Coca-Cola company, and he engaged her for a sponsored broadcast in New York. It was an introduction to America which enabled her to go back for a highly successful tour in 1951.

When she sang at the New York Copacabana, a high-priced resort, she was surprised on her opening night to hear a concerted shout from a dozen male voices: "Go on, Annie girl—show 'em how!" Stewards from *Caronia*, in which she had travelled, had come to make sure she did not feel lonely on her first night.

Annie showed 'em, with results which made pleasant reading when they were summarized by her accountants in London recently. "To think," said her mother, as she read them, "that when she was a little girl, and walked around the house singing all day, I used to tell her to shut up." THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 20 is of Marie, youngest of the Dionne quins, when a child.



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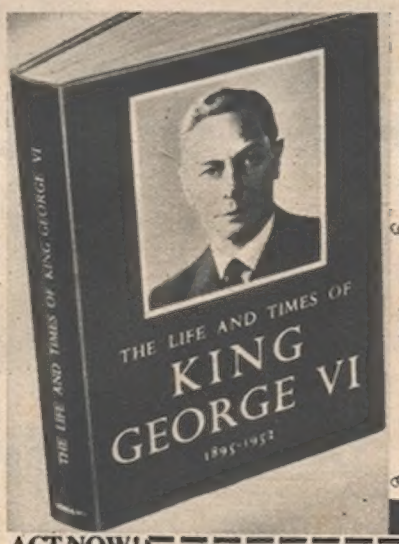

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